SANDOW'S

MAGAZINE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

DECEMBER 28th, 1905.

2D.

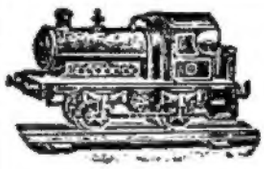
GAMAGE'S BAZAAR.

Great Novelty!
The . . Animated Jap.
Price **6d.** Postage 3d.

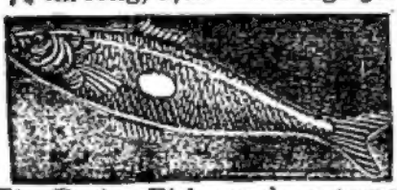
Thousands of Clockwork figures —at— popular prices.

Gamage's Speciality. Capt. Boyton on his Water Tricycle.

Clockwork movement **5/11** Post 4d.



Mid. Rly. Tank Loco. Gauge, 1⅜ in. 29592. Brass Boiler, &c. Fine Model, 7¾ in. long, **3/11.** Postage 3d.



The Diving Fish, works automatically, **2/9,** Postage 4d.

All the latest games for parlour & club. Send for Catalogue.

Gamage's New Safety 'Bronko' Hobby Horse, fitted with Cowboy Saddle & Stirrups, very safe for the child.
Size D, **31/6.** Size C, **37/6.**

NOW OPEN!
ADMISSION FREE.

The Greatest Exhibition of Toys in London.
Over 4 acres of Floor space.
Surpasses all previous efforts.

Great Show Pieces:
See the Embarkation of the Army Corps, &c.
Hall of Mystery,
Conjuring Entertainment.

Demonstration of Fretwork, Paper Work, Cloisonne Work, Oriental Brass Work, &c., &c.

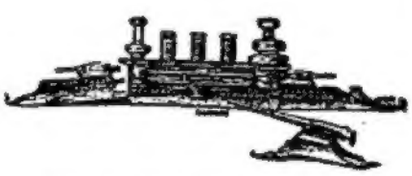
MODEL BOOT FACTORY.
Technical Instruction for everybody. Boots made before your eyes.

Come early and **DON'T** come alone.

Thousands of useful presents in all Depts.
Father Christmas's advice,
Send for my Post Free Xmas Catalogue.

My address is:

A. W. GAMAGE, LTD., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

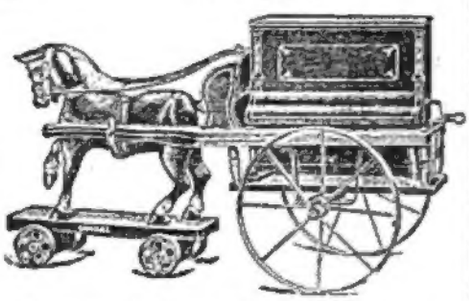


Russo-Jap War. Battleship & Gun complete with ammunition, **1/-,** postage, 4d. When hit by a Bullet the ship flies into the air and breaks up. Extra shot 2d. doz.

The Clockwork Fat Sailor. **1/-,** Postage 3d. Immense Range of Similar Figures. See Xmas Catalogue.

Gamage's Amateur Fireman, with Fire extinguishing Apparatus. Price **3/6.**

Clockwork Grasshopper **10½d.** Postage, 3d.



Gamage's New Piano Organ (as illustrated). Interchangeable unbreakable Tunes, price **21/9** complete with 6 tunes. Size, 22in. long 19½ in. high. Extra tunes 6d. each.

Digitized by Google

PLASMON

QUICK LUNCHEONS.

Plasmon Luncheon Packet,

Invaluable for Motorists, Cyclists, night work, long journeys, etc. Extremely sustaining and satisfying. A sufficient meal for three or four hours.

In boxes at 6d. each.

PLASMON, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

RINGS CASH or EASY PAYMENTS.

FAR BELOW LONDON PRICES.

EASY TERMS. **2/6** WITH ORDER Send size of Ring.

SOLID GOLD **30/-** Engraved with any Crest or Monogram

RING PRICE LIST 10/6 to £5 0 0 POST FREE.

MASTERS' Diamond and Ruby 18-ct. Gold Ring, **30/-** on EASY TERMS. Send 2/6, pay a further sum on receipt, and 5/- monthly, or **27/-** cash. Rings, **£5**, etc. Ring list free. (Estab. 1869).

MASTERS, Ltd. 367 HOPE STORES, RYE, Eng.

SEND **2/6** WITH ORDER

No. 3535 Solid Gold Signet Ring. 9ct. 28/-; 18ct. 57/6.

No 3496 Solid Gold Signet Ring. 9ct. 24/6; 18 ct. 56/-

Easy Terms for 30/- Ring.

——Send 2/6 with order, pay a further sum on receipt and balance 5/- monthly and you have the ring to wear while paying for it. Other rings similar terms. Send for new ring booklet.

J. N. Masters, Ltd., 367 Hope Stores, Rye, Eng'd.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Latest Picture of Mr. Sandow, which appeared in our issue of Jan. 19th, depicting him in a new pose, will appeal to many of our readers. As a limited number only were printed on fine art paper, suitable for framing, early application should be made in order to secure a copy to the Manager, "Sandow's Magazine," 131 Temple Chambers, London, E.C., price 6d. (post free).

All communications relating to Advertisements in "Sandow's Magazine" to be sent to the Advertisement Manager,

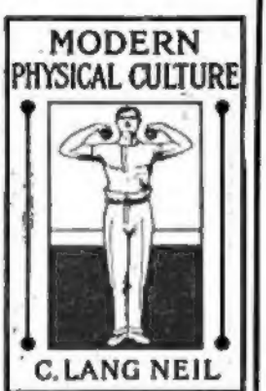
"Sandow's Magazine,"
Temple Chambers,
London, E.C.

Modern Physical Culture

By C. LANG NEIL,
Author of "Walking," etc.

Cloth, price 1s.

The Ling or Swedish System—The Macfadden System—The Vibration System—Sandow's System—Apollo's System—The Italian Hercules—Exercises with the Sandow Developer—Dumbbells—Exercises on a Horizontal Bar fixed in a Doorway—Chest Development — Curative Exercises — Drink and Liquid Foods, etc.



AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.

To the Book Publisher— **ORDER FORM.**
17 HENRIETTA ST., London, W.C. **S. M.**

Please send me a copy of "Modern Physical Culture," for which I enclose 1s. 2d.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

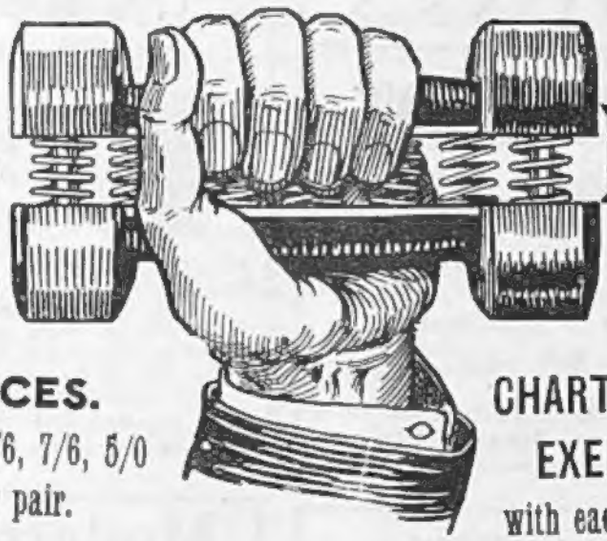
Digitized by Google

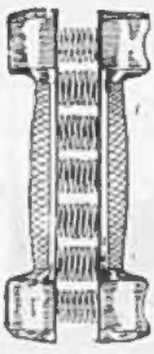
SANDOW'S

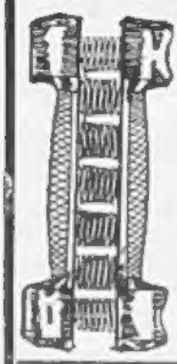
SPRING GRIP DUMB BELLS

FOR MEN & BOYS.

FOR LADIES & GIRLS.



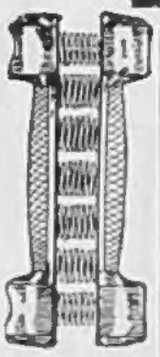


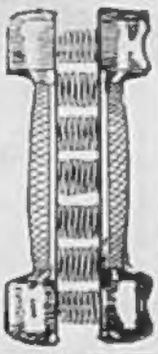


PRICES.

12/6, 10/6, 7/6, 5/0 per pair.

CHART OF EXERCISES with each pair.





THIS APPLIANCE IS VERY SIMPLE, and cannot go out of order. It consists of a Dumb-bell made in two halves, separated about 1 inch from one another, the intervening space being occupied by small steel springs, which may be of any strength, and easily removable to vary the resistance.

When exercising, the springs are compressed by gripping the Bells, and bringing the two halves close together, in which position they are kept until the exercise is over. They are suitable for all ages.

The pupil who possesses these Bells will find that instead of having to be continually buying heavier Dumb-bells, **One Pair will suffice him for all time.** All that it will be necessary for him to do will be to purchase, at a small expense, new springs from time to time. All pupils are advised to use the **"Grip" Dumb-Bell,** upon the merits of which I need not enlarge.

I have always taught that muscle is developed **by will-power,** not by mechanical movement, and the simple principle of this latest invention is, by calling forth a **continual Exercise of will-power, to obtain results impossible with any previous Dumb-Bell.**

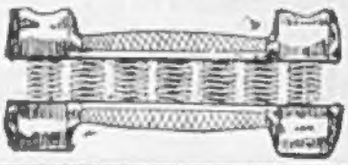
Yours faithfully,

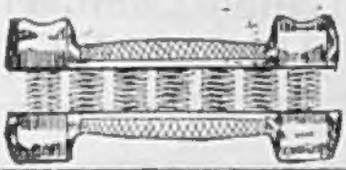
EUGEN SANDOW.

The Dumb-bells can be had from Athletic Outfitters, Sporting Goods Dealers, and Our Agents throughout the World, as well as direct from The

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bell Co.,

SANDOW HALL, SAVOY STREET, LONDON, W.C.





Do you suffer from **ANÆMIA?** Then take **Nervigorine**

Do you suffer from **BACKACHE?** Then take **Nervigorine**

Do you suffer from **BRAIN-FAG?** Then take **Nervigorine**

Do you suffer from **DEBILITY?** Then take **Nervigorine**

Do you suffer from **DECLINE?** Then take **Nervigorine**

Do you suffer from **DEPRESSION?** Then take **Nervigorine**

Do you suffer from **DYSPEPSIA?** Then take **Nervigorine**

Do you suffer from **INDIGESTION?** Then take **Nervigorine**

Do you suffer from **LASSITUDE?** Then take **Nervigorine**

Do you suffer from **MELANCHOLIA?** Then take **Nervigorine**

Do you suffer from **NERVOUSNESS?** Then take **Nervigorine**

Do you suffer from **PALPITATION?** Then take **Nervigorine**

Do you suffer from **SLEEPLESSNESS?** Then take **Nervigorine**

NO OTHER ARTICLE CAN SO RAPIDLY RESTORE A SHATTERED CONSTITUTION.

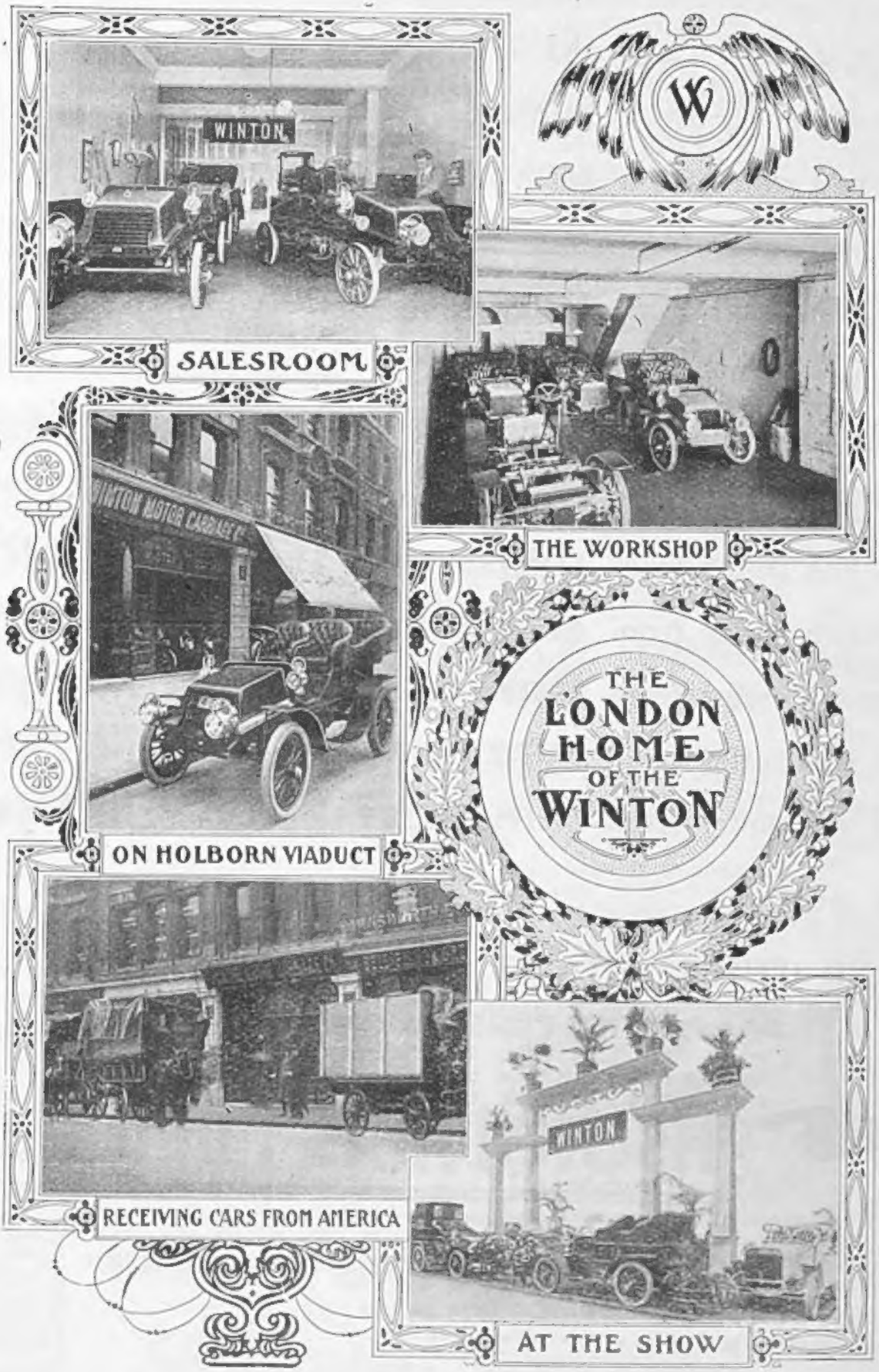
Its Action is Immediate.

In Bottles, 2/9, or by post, 3/-.

To be obtained from all Chemists, or from the Proprietors—

"The Nervigorine Syndicate," 261 & 262 Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google



48, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

Write for Catalogue No. 5.

Digitized by Google

Contents.

NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK. By THE EDITOR 719
AN EXPERIMENT IN HEALTH. By KATHLEEN L. GRIEG 722
SOME THINGS NATURE WOULD TEACH US. By KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH 723
IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN YOUTH. Interesting Extracts from an Article by C. W. DAWSON 725
HOW TO IMPROVE THE VOICE 727
A PRESIDENT'S PHYSICIAN ON HOW TO BE HEALTHY 728
THE HUMOURS OF REFEREEING. By C. D. CRISP 729
THE POOR MAN'S PALACE OF PUGILISM. By RONALD E. MONTROSE. Illustrated by W. F. 731
THE PRICE OF SUCCESS 735
JAPANESE COAL HEAVERS. By E. E. ADAMS 737
ROYAL PALATES AND THE MEN WHO TICKLE THEM 738
DIAGRAM SHOWING THE NUTRIMENT CONTAINED IN VARIOUS ARTICLES OF FOOD 739
ON AND OFF THE MAT 740
THE OLYMPIC GAMES OF 1906 741
THE WORLD'S BEST ATHLETIC RECORDS 742
SANDOW MAGAZINE READERS' CLUB 743
EASY HOME MASSAGE MOVEMENTS 746
FIRST NECESSARY TO MAKE THE CHILD A PERFECT ANIMAL 747
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS AND HINTS FROM SANDOW 748
ONE MEAL A DAY. By DR. F. L. OSWALD 749

SANDOW'S LATEST.

BODY BUILDING.

ONE SHILLING.

Post Free, 1/3.

Address: SANDOW'S MAGAZINE Co.,
131 Temple Chambers,
Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

DELICIOUS **COFFEE.**

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

Digitized by Google

Ju-Jitsu and Boxing.

The Allied Arts.

JU-JITSU and BOXING

FORMS a "Real Self-Defence and Attack" system against Hooligans, Street-roughs, Burglars, Pickpockets, etc., which can be thoroughly relied upon as a most potent weapon in any emergency likely to be met with in any country, civilised or otherwise. The practice of JU-JITSU, which has made the Japanese the physical superiors of the Western people, will develop health, strength, endurance, vitality, will-power, self-confidence, and positively cure constipation, corpulency, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc.

Prof. Wm. H. Garrud will send a book (FREE), with five illustrated methods and an interesting article showing how the above system can be acquired PERSONALLY or by CORRESPONDENCE, at a very small outlay, on receipt of a penny stamp to cover postage.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE SCHOOL,
(Dep. S.). 7, Featherstone Buildings,
Holborn, London, W.C. (Close to Chancery Lane Tube Station)

RAPHAEL TUCK'S PARTY MASKS. Something New and Startling. Assorted dozen, *2/6*. 3 dozen, *6/-*
Magic Box Drawing Room Fireworks, &c., Harmless and Pretty, *1/-*

BETTER THAN EVER!
50 for 1s.
Tuck's Comic Xmas Cards.
With Envelopes, 15 Stamps Post Paid.

Send early this year and prevent disappointment.
RAPHAEL TUCK'S LOVELY XMAS CARDS.
Big Bargain Bundle with Envelopes, 15 stamps, post paid, containing 100 Tuck's Designs.
Casket La Grande.
24 Tuck's Superb Xmas Cards, 2/6 including Art Celluloids 25 for 6d. Comic Xmas Postcards, 12 for 3d. And Humorous Xmas Cards.

Tuck's Folding Designs.
40 for 1s.

CLUSTER DE LUXE.

Tuck's Folding Designs.
20 for 6d.

Raphael Tuck's folding designs with envelopes 2 stamps extra post paid.
CHOICE CLUSTER of 10 TUCK'S XMAS CARDS as a SAMPLE, 4 Stamps.
Big Box of Ten Toys for a Shilling.
TOM SMITH'S CRACKERS.
3 boxes, 1/8. Single box, 6d.
Handsome Postcard Album Gift, with 100 Pretty Picture Postcards, various views, &c., 3/6 complete, including Tuck's and Zoo. Cards.
Soldiers of the King. Complete Outfit for 2/6. Carefully packed and sent to any address.
PEARL NECKLACE, 12 Stamps. Two and Three Rows, with Bright Bars.

T.B.L., King's Premises, Savoy Corner, Strand, London.

Important Notice.

We have much pleasure in announcing to our readers that we have made special arrangements whereby we are enabled to supply

A Perfect Cast of Mr. Sandow's Arm

(Actual Size).

As only a **very limited number** have been executed, **early application** is strongly recommended for this unique model.

Price One Guinea,

SECURELY PACKED AND CARRIAGE FREE.

Apply to—
Manager, "Sandow's Magazine,"
131 Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

Sandow's —Pose,

No. 29 can be had separately, printed on Fine Art Paper suitable for framing.

PRICE 3½d. Post Free.

Apply—
MANAGER, 131 Temple Chambers, E.C.

Digitized by Google

MOTTO:—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*—A Sound Mind in a Sound Body.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE
— OF —
PHYSICAL CULTURE & BRITISH SPORT.

Edited by EUGEN SANDOW. Assisted by FRANK PINK

VOL. XV. (Established 1898.) DECEMBER 28TH, 1905. No. 130.

NOTICES.

ADDRESS.—131 Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

Telephone: 3436 Central.

NOTICE.—Business Letters should be addressed to the Manager, Editorial Letters to the Editor. Cheques, Money Orders, and P.O.'s should be made payable to FRANK PINK, and Crossed "London and County Bank."

PUBLISHING DAY.—Every Thursday.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Annual Subscription, 10/6; Half-year, 5/6; Quarter, 3/-

EDITORIAL.—I am always pleased to receive Contributions, Literary and Pictorial, for consideration. Where payment is desired, the Contribution should be accompanied by note of amount required. Prompt consideration will be given and an early reply forwarded.

NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

A New Year resolution:—"Heads up! Chin in! Hips back!"

o——o

Physical Culture and Luxury are as wide apart as the poles. The first is active, the other passive. The one represents vigorous Life—the other the inertia of approaching Death. I firmly believe that compulsory physical training in all the schools would mean a magnificent increase of National vigour of brain and body. At present England is suffering from National Neurasthenia.

It is the fashion among the physically indolent to affirm that "athletics are injurious to the heart and health"; but at a recent meeting in New York of the Actuarial Society of America—composed of members of a profession whose business it is to judicially survey cold figures of fact—the mortality of athletes came under consideration. And it was declared that the mortality of the Yale University athletes—men whose college pride would make them exert themselves to the uttermost—was abnormally low. The figures were based on the mortality of the men who had won the "Y" (the American equivalent of the Oxford and Cambridge "Blue") for the boat crew, baseball, football, and running teams. Even the mortality from heart weakness was abnormally low.

o——o

The rapidly growing inclination of the medical profession to appreciate, acknowledge and utilise properly prescribed Physical Culture as an aid, instead of an obstacle, to the successful treatment of many forms of disease is one of the most important developments of medical ethics. It is no longer uncommon to find in the journals of the doctors, articles and editorials pointing out the value of exercise both as a co-operator with medical treatment and as a substitute for "medicine out of a bottle." Instead of ordering their patients to Continental parts, or prescribing medicines for them, an ever-increasing number of physicians candidly say to the ailing one: "It is not medicine you require," or, "It is exercise you require," and I take what will not, I hope, be regarded as unpardonable pride in the

Digitized by Google

fact that so many medical men now recommend their patients to take a course of Curative Physical Culture under my direction.

o——o

Count Hirosawa, of Japan, who was educated at an English school and an English university, and whose father was Minister of the Interior, has been interviewed by the *Standard*.

"I notice," said the Count, "a distinct and lamentable deterioration in the character, habits, and action of the English people. The spread of luxury and the religion of comfort affect your public services. I cannot speak much about the Navy, though, with all my admiration for it, I gather that there are survivals from early days which will impede its powers on the day of action. But on the Army I can speak plainly. Your Boer war, and the failure to organise an efficient military force adequate to your needs, have made a painful impression in Japan. Since I have been in England I observe a great increase in the luxury of the Army. Some of your officers wear corsets, and the people seem light-hearted over the condition of your Army. Do you not see that the conditions in England are so artificial, with the purchase of food from abroad, the concentration of the masses in towns, and the absence of physical training or the teaching of patriotism, that nothing in the world can sustain them except virtue in your parliamentary and public service.

o——o

"As to the other causes of this deterioration, I would have you note that whereas in Japan all women, high and low, nurse their own children, soothing syrups and prepared foods for the lower classes, wet nurses for the higher, are destroying the stamina of your people.

o——o

"No, I do not think the case of England is hopeless, or I should not venture to speak out in the hope of arresting the process of decay, but if the decadency is to be stopped it will be by a little bit of social revolution, by a revision of your educational system; in a word, by more democracy, not anarchy. You should throw your Army open to every one, and not allow social position to influence appointments.

o——o

"You are ceasing to be a maritime people; you employ foreigners, not only as sailors, but as pilots, in numbers so large that if ever you have a war with a great naval Power you will be crippled. As England is forsaking her maritime habits, Germany is increasing and straining every nerve to build up over-sea trade and a strong navy. Your public school spirit and university spirit is very good, but the time is gone by when wars can be won by pluck and spirit. And as you are dropping your maritime habits, and as the tendency of the best English education is not to teach the new science, but to instil pluck and spirit, collision with a first-class scientific Power will probably be disastrous to England.

o——o

"Your working men are full of latent patriotism, but it is not evoked. Even in peace time several millions of your population barely earn a scanty living. Why should they be patriotic? Teach them patriotism, and organise for their benefit better conditions of life. They will then feel that they owe something to their country. This patriotism is evoked in Germany, and Germany is the only Power that is rising in Europe."

HYGIENE.—What does it mean? The word Hygiene is Greek and simply means health. The Greeks had a goddess Hygeia, daughter of Esculapius who, it was believed, presided over the health of the people and warded off plagues and diseases. Perhaps no ancient people had so good a system of hygiene, especially of personal hygiene as related to education and cleanliness, as they and their fine physiques were the wonder of the world. The Hebrews also had their remarkable rules of hygiene, as those familiar with the Scriptures may know, and so had the Chinese and Hindoos. Modern hygiene is far more comprehensive and embraces the entire care and education of the body and of all habits from birth to old age. It would, also, include preparations for parentage, the hygiene of child-life, of early growth, of perfect manhood and of old age. It includes the hygiene of the day and night, of summer and winter, of exercise and recreation, of building and caring for our homes, our offices, of ships, public buildings, etc., so they shall be sanitary, water supply in cities, street cleaning, quarantine, the management of epidemics, to prevent their spread, and the stamping out of all diseases, so far as possible. So great is the range covered by hygiene, that we have professors who teach it, and the course of study for mastering the subject is as great as in medicine, law, theology or any science. In a large sense hygiene is the science of the correct living. It is the ethics of the body.

Those who succeed in this world are not people of special ability, but those with the good sense to go after that which they set their minds and hearts on. The man who gets the ripe red apple is he who springs to his feet and picks it from the limb, not he who sits in the shade admiring its warm beauty and wishing the breeze would stir the branches so it might drop into his lap.

Digitized by Google

THE EDITOR (EUGEN SANDOW)
In the Pose

AN EXPERIMENT IN HEALTH.

By KATHLEEN L. GRIEG.

SEVERAL years ago three travellers who were crossing the Brunig Pass, in the heart of the Bernese Oberland of Switzerland, were discussing the subject that lay nearest the heart of each—their chronic ill-health. They passed the first part of their journey exchanging views on the many different remedies tried by each without success, and reciting their woes with such eloquence that tears of self-pity often blotted out the landscape that lay below them like a bit of paradise, upon which they, like the peri, might only look through "closed gates," for walking, climbing, and the like was not for such as they.

They represented three different nations. The Frenchwoman, who was pitifully emaciated, told the others that the air of the Alps was her last hope. Food could not build her up—this she knew, for she had tried the most nourishing diet, consisting of a large piece of rare beefsteak and a cup of warm cream for breakfast, rich soup and an abundance of meat for luncheon, and a full-course dinner at night.

The German listened with polite interest, but was forced to admit that mere loss of vitality would seem like bliss to her, who had borne for years the tortures of a deranged liver. What could be worse than seeing one's beauty spoilt by a sallow complexion, and feeling that constant, hopeless depression and eternal weariness?

"There is something worse still," interrupted the American pie-eater; "it is to know that every morsel your hunger prompts you to eat is going to cause you an agony as exquisite as any ever produced by the implements of torture we saw exhibited in the Tower of London."

Then a silence fell upon them. The train had come to a sudden stop at a lonely Alpine station, and the three martyrs, gazing out of the car window with gloomy eyes, looked straight into the shining, brown, health-illumined orbs of a mountain goat who was munching of her frugal meal of green grass in serene content, never dreaming of the unconscious envy that shone in the eyes of the three watchers.

"What perfect health that happy creature has," said one, and sighed softly.

"And never took the least bit of care of it," said another.

At that moment a plan was born in the brain of the third. A long discussion began, and the outcome of it was that the next day the three were not installed in the fashionable hotel to which their baggage had been directed, but in a humble little Alpine hut that could not boast of a single luxury, save perfect cleanliness. And then began the new life of these three, who, at the beginning, kept on with the experiment only because pride forbade each from being the first to give up.

The owner of the Alpine hut—a sturdy, health-radiating peasant—supplied them with well-baked, wholesome bread, and the milk and butter of a healthy cow who lived out her happy life knee-deep in Alpine grass and flowers.

The little garden furnished them with crisp vegetables, while a few fruits and berries were bought in the valley. This constituted their entire bill of fare.

At first each in her heart regretted having tried the experiment. There were moments when the lady of France wondered if it were possible to sustain life on such a meagre diet, when the most bountiful supply of food had barely sufficed. She of Germany often sighed for the flesh-pots of Egypt, while the American was filled with a nameless longing for just one good big mince pie, and a dozen or so of dough-nuts. But as the days went by, over-pampered nature got a chance to readjust itself, and the world took on a different tone.

One day the German, whose complexion was now like alabaster and roses, waved aloft a bunch of the fragrant

vegetables that had been an important part of our diet so long, crying, "These should be the subject of song; look at me now!" and the lady of the land of chivalry, who was just returning from a five-mile tramp, laughed joyously. The American pondered a moment; "I am thinking," she said, "of a story I once read of a little boy who, when asked by his father's dyspeptic friend, 'Have you ever had dyspepsia?' asked, 'What is dyspepsia, pa?' I, too, feel as if I did not know the meaning of the word, it is so long since I have felt its pangs."

That autumn, when the cold mists began to creep down from the hills, three joyous, healthy, life-loving wanderers travelled back over the Brunig Pass. How different the world seemed! The miracle of happiness was wrought in them by simple living, exercise, and fresh air. And one of them has lost all craving for unnatural food; in fact, I would not eat the best mince pie ever made, if it stood before me at this moment.

SOME THINGS NATURE WOULD TEACH US.

By KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH.

REST, fresh air, exercise and nourishment are the essentials to healthy physique, and Nature is so wonderfully kind that if we go one-tenth of the way she will help us to secure it. But instead of adopting her simple laws and following quietly her perfect way, we try by every means to gain a rapid transit back to her domain, and, as a rule, often put recovery further off. Fortunately, the process of getting back is not difficult if one will adopt it, and Nature will not allow us to forget, for when we are not obeying her laws she is constantly irritating us one way or another.

To begin with, the rest instinct is generally disobeyed, and a restful state of mind and body is needed to prepare one for the other health-giving essentials. We build imaginary impediments and seem determined not to drop everything that intervenes; we are not willing to turn to silence to obtain rest at the first hint from Nature. Nervous disorders resulting from overwork are all about us, and a study of the faces we meet daily shows how even those persons who consider themselves well are living at high pressure. The tension is so peculiar to Americans that one foreigner has aptly styled it "Americanitis," and statistics show that we have more nervous wrecks in our country than are found in any other. The truth is, we live in thirty years what the German takes fifty to accomplish. If in our country a man has not made some mark at forty, we are apt to think it deplorable, while in European countries a man at forty has just begun his business life. Our women, too, are filled with the spirit of restlessness, which manifests itself in a thousand different ways.

The trouble is, not that we have nerve force, but we misuse it—either we do not rest at all or improperly. Take, for instance, the question of sleep. How many people give themselves up entirely, letting the bed hold them instead of holding themselves on the bed? Few persons are conscious of these useless contractions which their bodies assume, and the tense way in which they do everything. We need to learn the secret of relaxation. Five minutes of complete rest, with relaxed body, means greater gain than one hour taken in the usual manner, but it seems impossible for us to let go of ourselves.

If we study the sleep of a wholesome child we realise this. Lift its arms, its legs, and its head carefully and you will find each perfectly relaxed and free. But at an early age useless tension begins and nervous tension follows. Watch this same baby take its food and contrast it with our way of eating. Even in children's play we see the same relaxation, this bodily freedom which is the foundation of mental freedom. Repose ought to be an inmost law of our being, but we have not alone our own restlessness

to overcome, but the restless habits of our ancestors.

Turning to another phase of nervous suffering, we see much power is lost in unnecessary emotions. There is no doubt that we magnify many things to such an extent that they seem unbearable. This nervous strain from sham emotions is more common to women than to men, for the former lead more artificial lives and have, as a rule, less to divert their thoughts. Girls, for instance, often go from one morbid attachment to another. The sorrow of it is that while a real emotion may leave one with a new supply of strength, a sham one or mistaken sympathy only leaves the victim weaker. Temper, too, is mistaken force that tires and makes one lose vitality that should be conserved. It is much better to let the first feeling of anger give way to a determination to relax physically, for here we know no painful reaction. Of petty worries much can be written, but relaxing the muscular contraction invariably makes a channel through which they can slip. It takes many hours to learn what this relaxation is, but when we learn the secret of relaxation, instead of tense resistance we can, in a measure, overcome them. Surely, if we realised the force of unpleasant brain impressions it would be a simple matter to relax and let these unpleasant impressions escape. A little pain is made a big one by dwelling upon it, and much of the sweetness of life is lost simply because we take the hardest way of accomplishing things with the mistaken idea that because it is hard it must be right.

Bad feelings cause contraction, good ones expansion. Relax the muscular contraction; take a long, free breath of fresh air, and expansion not only follows as a matter of course, but life itself will seem happier to us, for things will assume their true proportions. Freedom and a healthy nervous system are synonymous, for we cannot have one without the other. The trouble is we do not know our own best powers, the way is so blocked by this nervous tension which impedes the way to the right nervous strength, which is ours by divine heredity.

"This is all very well," I hear you exclaim, "but how are we to attain this? Unless some practical road is open and practice can take the place of theory, words do not count for much."

True; and here are some simple directions which may help. They can hardly be obeyed too much.

Remember Nature tends toward health.

Think of other people and less of yourself, remembering that anxieties are often a matter of tired nerves, and continue to drop them if they should reappear a hundred times.

Cry if you feel like it, but again remember that it is likely as not tired nerves.

When you go to bed relax and don't worry about sleep, for this simply retards it.

Keep aloof from emotions except to care for yourself every day in the best possible way, and remember that many of the bugbears of life become molehills when the time comes to face them.

Turn to the silence at the first hint from Nature. This rest instinct is most generally disobeyed, most widely needed, and obedience to it would bring the most effective results.

These ought to help us on the road to health and strength. Nature allows herself to be taxed to the utmost before she lets us break down, and to lead us back to health she gives the best hints in her power. Is not the economy of our vital forces one of the essential things of life? Yet our human machines burn up much more fuel than is necessary, because we do not learn relaxation, and the meaning of fresh air, exercise, and last, but not least, patience.

One advantage to be gained by this is the attainment of that power which means self-poise and balance, and that can only exist with health. Be yourself. Relax. Forget that there are such things as worries, try to carry content into the world; show a smiling face and cultivate all that is loving and lovable. God knows there is need of this in "this our world."

"We always overrate the happiness of others, and underrate the *means* of our own."—H. HOOKER.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN YOUTH.

Interesting Extracts from an Article by C. W. Dawson.

THIS autumn I took a trip to America, with the intention of studying the intellectual side of American life, and this especially as it concerns the coming generation. If it be true that the youth of a nation rules its destiny, America should be large in hope. The one thing which impressed me most forcibly, from the moment of landing, was the high average of intelligence as revealed by the faces of the young men I encountered in the streets. *The pale young man, with office stoop and pallid complexion is not often seen in the New World;* for the most part men carry themselves erect, and wear an air of healthy defiance.

At the first restaurant which I frequented was a waiter, who put into a few words the typical American method of deportment: "I haf served as a vaiter in Germany," said he, "in France, and in England; but America is ze only place in which a man can say to his master, 'Go to ze devil,' and he goes." Here no man is servile, but every man is civil. In older countries we confuse the two; we mistake servility for good manners. If each man is conscious of his own worth, and every other man is willing to acknowledge that he is of some value, a mutual exchange of courtesies becomes a commonplace of life.

I have spoken of the general intelligence in external appearances which is so conspicuous in the faces of America's young men. This is no accident—it has a very evident cause. The first man to handle my bag when I landed from the steamer turned out to be a graduate of Columbia University; the man who owned the small boarding-house at which I stayed in New York had taken his degree at Cornell; and the man who waited on me at table was working his way through college. Education is a passion with this people. They will sacrifice, stint, and go meanly clad if only at some future date they may win their way to a seat of learning. On the Sunday I visited Plymouth Church, and walked back to dine with Dr. Hillis. On the way I encountered a dozen men, every one of whom had taken a college degree. There is no man so poor or so friendless that he may not hope, by dint of hard work, to pass through a college and take his stand beside the sons of opulence.

At first I was sceptical of these stories, and thought the picture over-coloured. Experience convinced me of their truth. I took up residence at one of the State-endowed Universities, came into touch with the men, and learnt from their own lips the way in which things are managed. In the first place, education is cheap; a man can take his course at some institutions for 10 dols. per annum, or about £2. Once inside a college, the path is comparatively smooth, for, over and above the pecuniary aids which may be applied for, there are many ways of earning a livelihood. Some men open laundry establishments in the town; some go out as hospital nurses; others go out as waiters; and some few hold clerkships of moderate hours. An impecunious student keeps a wide-open eye to the financial side of his position. For instance, at the World's Fair many took employment as wheelers of go-carts and as guides. In a recent cab strike at Yale the undergraduates became hackney drivers; and under similar circumstances the Columbia men went down and worked the subway in New York. For those who do not wish to break in upon their studies by taking up outside occupations, the summer provides ample opportunities for earning sufficient to carry them through the ensuing year. Much of the fruit picking in California is done by men from the Universities. Many go harvesting when the rate of pay is high and labour is scarce. One man who was resident in the same college with myself had spent June, July, and August planking

bridges and doing rough carpentering work. Another had made over £200 by hawking aluminium kitchen utensils from door to door, and getting a commission on goods sold. Not only does a man gather together sufficient money to carry him through his studies, but often takes his degree with two or three hundred pounds to the good.

All this sounds very strange to English ears. With us education is the perquisite of the very rich; in America it is open to all. We should incline to look down upon a 'Varsity man who went out hopping into the fields of Kent; yet this is what the American youth does. America lives close to the great axiom of Ruskin, that manual labour is an honourable profession. To speak the truth, it would be folly for her to do otherwise, for most of her public leaders have at some time or other known what it was to creep to bed tired and stiff from a day in the fields, and most of the men one meets can show hands that still bear marks made by rough manual tools and toil in the scorching sun. There is something very noble about this different standard of values. We set the man who labours with his own hands in a class by himself; the man who belongs to trade in another division; and the professional man in a separate holy of holies all by himself. In America the caste system is almost non-existent as regards white races. Any man who gains his living honestly is worthy of respect, and gets it. Indeed, it would be foolish to set up any such artificial barriers, for every man has at some time or other trespassed beyond the confines of his present mode of life, and, in barring others, would shut out his former self. A man stands or falls by his own individual merit; he is the sole manufacturer of his own class distinction. The University is open to all, and, should a man lack culture, he has no one to blame but himself.

A WELLESLEY GIRL.

If America goes on as she has begun, she will soon become the first educational country of the world.

So far, I have mentioned the male portion of the American youth. The female is too prominent to ignore. As with us, women have entered into competition with men, and have won a place for themselves in the commercial world. The American girl has gone one step further—she has built for herself Universities equal to those owned by the men, and has pushed her way into institutions originally designed for males only. I

recently had the opportunity of visiting one of the most conspicuous of these. One Sunday morning I left Boston and took the trolley-car to Wellesley College. The way lay through a hilly country, luxuriant in trees and flowers. Here and there a long sheet of water sparkled in the early sun, and a bed of reeds quivered along the edge of a solitary lake. The scenery was akin to that found around the Forest of Dean, only more inhabited. After a sixteen-mile ride, I came to what looked like a manorial park—tall trees of mature growth, and long sweeps of shaded greenery. In the midst of the park stood a beautiful parish church, and round about on the neighbouring heights long creeper-covered buildings — this was Wellesley. I must confess to feeling rather shy as I entered the quiet church, for there, row upon row, one thousand strong, sat the girlhood of America. I had not been long seated when, far away in the distance the familiar strains of "Jerusalem the Golden" caught my ear, and presently there entered a long Madonna train of girls, all robed and all singing, who moved in slow procession towards the altar, singing as they went. There was something so pure and innocent in this great army of young life, praying beneath the half light of the stained-glass windows, that all frivolity was arrested, and a sense of solemn awe alone remained. Then, with a mighty swell, the refrain arose once more, till the air shook with the passionate volume of the sound; and then all was still.

After service, I went around the buildings. Here they have everything to make life happy—vast stretches of meadow, a lake for boating, cosy little club-houses studded about on the hillsides, and a unique library of Italian literature in the ancient manuscripts. The charges are moderate, so that all can participate who will. Once again the same thing is true—a girl can work her way through the college without any outside assistance. Education is within the reach of all. I have given in brief the impression which I received of America's future as expressed in her youth. Nowhere in all my journeyings did I find a soured, disappointed man or woman; everyone was smiling and genial. If America's great maxim is self-help, it is the help of others also, for rarely have I met with more effortless kindness than I encountered there. America's youth may well smile, for their's is the joy of an attainable ideal.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE VOICE.

Every man or woman may have a beautiful voice, and what a charm it is to possess.

The strident tones of the majority of people to-day are harsh and unnatural. It is simply through carelessness and perhaps a desire to make themselves heard above the noise that people allow their voices to become loud and unpleasant.

Train your ear to notice a pleasant voice, and listen to your own critically.

If it has lost the sweetness that every voice should possess, find out what is the matter and try to change it.

In the seclusion of your own room, try the pitch of your voice till you discover its most melodious tone. Cultivate this. It will require painstaking efforts to overcome bad habits, replace the voice and train it to musical utterance, but the reward will be well worth the labour.

Instead of shouting with all the strength of your lungs, control your voice. Do not raise it to a loud pitch and talk as if everyone was deaf.

Half the secret in making your voice agreeable to listen to is the degree of moderation you acquire.

It is as much an art to suit your voice to the occasion as your mind, and you may be very sure that an individual whose voice lacks something in its tone or expression lacks that same thing in nature.

A mind that is beautiful finds true expression in a voice that is beautiful.

You will be judged more critically all the world over for your voices than for anything else, so take as much thought and trouble for them as you do for your attire, and your hats, or hobbies, and you will soon find you have added a potent charm to your personal attractions.

A President's Physician on How to be Healthy.

Work, recreation, and rest, in proper proportion, will make medicine unnecessary for most of us—the outdoor life for him.

SURGEON-GENERAL RIXEY, President Roosevelt's physician, and who was also President McKinley's, recently declared, in discussing the death of Secretary John Hay, that many men, including Vice-President Hobart, Senator Hanna, and Postmaster-General Payne, died because they had given too much of their vital force, their energy and their brains to the Government. They took too little exercise, got too little sunshine and fresh air, and the inevitable result was death. "There are too many men in the public service who are wearing themselves out," he said.

Surgeon-General Rixey is a strong advocate and devotee of the open-air life, and spends as much time as possible outdoors. When the weather permits, he sleeps in the open air, at times in a tent, also in a "cottage" built on the plan of the houses used by persons suffering with tuberculosis. The elevation of his country home is 450 feet above the city, and all the time he can spare from his official duties he is out of doors. He is not afraid of the sunshine, for the healthy tan of his face and hands is an indication that he does not avoid the rays of the sun. He rises early, and, when the weather is clear, goes horseback riding. He also performs manual labour on his farm, but has no set rules, as he does anything that turns up. He is frequently seen working beside his farm hands, and he enjoys the labour. By this mode of life he keeps himself in excellent physical condition, and is seldom ill. When he was on board ship, he always practised breathing exercises, to develop his lungs, and inhaled an abundance of fresh air. He also went through the setting-up drill of the navy, and spent a few minutes each day on the horizontal bars.

He is not a believer in medicine, and takes very little of it. His habits are regular, and he always eats three hearty meals each day. Upon rising in the morning, he takes a cup of coffee, and, during meals, eats anything set before him, as he is not required to diet, because his digestive organs are always in excellent working order.

When Surgeon-General Rixey was asked to make some recommendations for busy men with large responsibilities, as to the best means of prolonging their lives in the most comfortable and happy fashion commensurate with a fair amount of prosperity, the President's physician declined to lay down any rules, but declared if his mode of life were followed, everyone would enjoy good health. He outlined a general plan of living as follows:—

Everyone requires recreation as well as rest where there is constant strain in the performance of official duties.

By rest for office workers is meant absolute rest of mind.

During the hours of recreation, the man whose duties require him to be much indoors, should get as far as possible away from his daily tasks.

For indoor workers the best rest and recreation is obtainable on the hills around the city or the seashore where everything necessary to the maintenance or restoration of health is lavishly supplied. Pure water, high elevation, shade, grass, and as pure air as can be found anywhere are always at the disposal of all. Wherever these conditions prevail, and if advantage is taken of them, good health will result.

In addition to spending plenty of time in the open air, a man should carry himself in such a way as to develop what is in him physically, but not to the extent of training for what he will never keep up. He should develop his physique by rational exercise, and maintain that development even at the expense of considerable effort. Any exercise that will develop a man's lungs is good for him, especially if the exercise is taken out of doors, as this will supply all the life-giving fresh air necessary to the maintenance of health and life.

Work—recreation—rest, reasonably divided, none carried to excess; there lies the secret of health and happiness.

THE HUMOURS OF REFEREEING.

By C. D. CRISP (Official Referee of the F.A.).

[The following humorous address was given recently before the Society of Association Football Referees by Mr. C. D. Crisp, the well-known referee. It contains so many amusing incidents that I am sure my readers will think it deserves reproduction in print.—EDITOR.]

A SERVICE Lieutenant of the Royal Marine Artillery was given to pushing, and after cautioning him several times, the referee suggested to him that he must stop pushing with his hands. The wind was somewhat taken out of the referee's sails when he coolly asked him "what he was to push with if not with his hands."

One sees a certain amount of humour in some of the press reports in our country villages. I have taken the liberty of annexing *en bloc* the comments made by a reporter on a junior match which I refereed by request some dozen years ago. They were as follows: "The pale-faced, lantern-visaged, cadaverous individual, who would have done better to have stayed at home, getting round the best part of a rump-steak, than to have come here upsetting all one's notions as to how Association football should be judged, should retire from this game. Our gall rises to think of the unblushing cheek with which he disallowed a perfectly good goal because, forsooth, his high-and-mightiness did not happen to be cognisant of the elementary laws of football. We sighed for him in vain. If ever he puts foot on the football ground again may I be a hundred miles away. He got on my nerves to such an extent that I sang completely out of tune in church the next day." (Loud laughter.)

A referee, who was a Sunday School teacher, in a fit of absent-mindedness, asked the appropriate question of his class: "Who were the Corinthians?" and passed quite readily the answer, "The gent.'s who plays at the Queen's Club, sir!"

An old lady, going to church, stopped some little boys she saw playing football with the query, "Don't you know it's very wicked to play football on Sundays?" She was met with the reply: "We ain't playing; we're only practising for to-morrow's game."

At a certain ground a tree overhung the touch-line. During the progress of a game the ball became lodged in its branches, and the centre-half climbed up, dislodged it, and threw it down. The opposing captain rather shabbily claimed a free-kick against him for "hands." The referee allowed the claim, as the ball had not been over the line and out of play. The claimant was placing the ball for the free-kick when the offender pointed out that the kick must be taken, according to the rules, from the place where the ball was handled! As the referee concurred, and his baffled opponent did not want to climb up, he "climbed down," and a throw-up compromised the matter.

"Well, Jimmy, you won?" demanded a loyal supporter of a boy who had just finished playing in a match. "Of course we won!" responded the damaged one. "What form was you in?" "First-class!" "Kick a goal?" "Well," admitted Jimmy reluctantly, "I can't say as I exactly kicked a goal, but (brightening visibly) I kicked two forwards, a half-back, the goalkeeper, and

the referee, so I reckon I done my best!"

A Southern club in difficulties wired to a player named Ford to help them on Saturday. He had already arranged to keep goal for Deptford. His reply, by telegram, was received as follows: "Sorry cannot oblige. In gaol for debt. —Ford."

Speaking of telegrams reminds one of the wire that reached the secretary of the Willesden League. Harlesden and Pinner were engaged to play, but Pinner scratched. The Harlesden secretary, liking to do everything promptly, wired to the Willesden secretary; but the exact wire which he received was: "Dinner scratched. We claim the joints."

I remember one of the few occasions on which Mr. Pickford has been nonplussed for a few moments. At a conference of referees, he was asked whether wooden bars would be in order on football boots, and, after thinking for some time, said he thought, "Yes, why not?" The questioner naïvely propounded a further query, and said, "In that case, how could the nails be driven in flush with the leather?"

At the conclusion of the recent funeral of a referee, one of the mourners was asked what complaint it was that carried him off. "Complaint, did you ask?" he said. "There was no complaint; everybody was well satisfied."

Mr. A. Roston Bourke, the well-known referee, once assisted his Holloway College boys at full back. A lad of thirteen, who was a smart footballer, had charge of the whistling arrangements. One of his decisions appeared ludicrous to Mr. Bourke, who remonstrated with him. "Now, look here, Mr. Bourke," said the scholar, solemnly shaking his index finger at his master, "if you dispute my decisions I shall order you off the field, and report you to the Football Association!"

The Colonel of a regiment famous for its football team always used to travel with his footballers. On one occasion, when an important match was down for settlement, the military team arrived at its destination and one of its eleven was taken seriously ill. The Colonel, in desperation, wired to one of his officers, a certain Capt. Barker, as follows: "Catch 11.56 train. Come and play.—Colonel." By a strange mischance Capt. Barker was away from Colchester Barracks that day, but the telegram was handed to Bandmaster Barker, who, after much scurrying round, was able to collect his fifty-six bandsmen and catch the train. Needless to say there was a pretty heavy bill for the Colonel to pay in fares!

A West of England friend tells me that he can vouch for the following: On one occasion he was refereeing in a match in which a number of the servants from "the Hall" were taking part. The coachman shot a goal from close quarters, but it was very properly disallowed for offside. "Offside be hanged!" said the coachman, "I shot it through on the near side!"

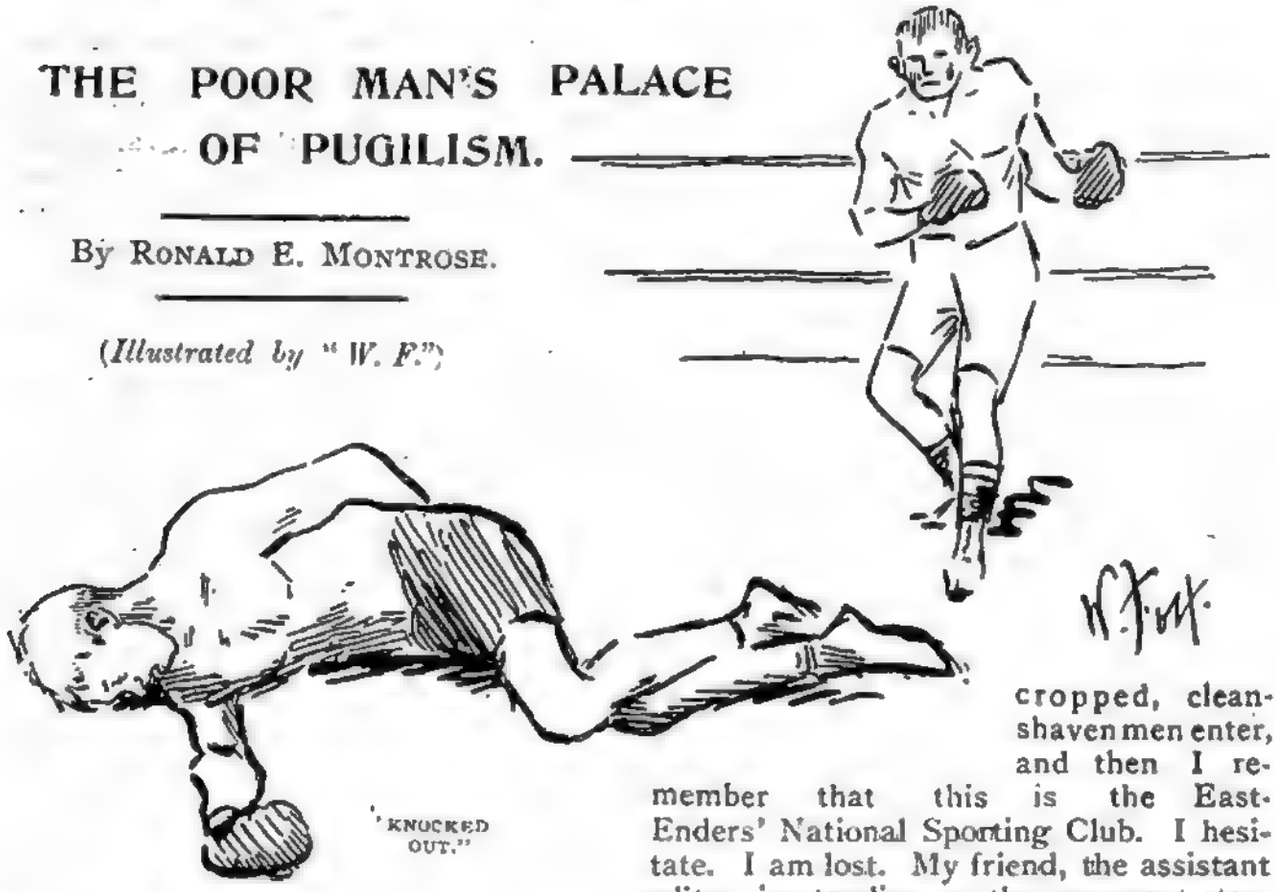
In another match a village lad, who knew more about the game than the laws thereof, was entrusted with the taking of a penalty kick. While preparations for the important event were in progress the trembling youth approached the referee, and whispered: "Please, sir, which foot must I kick with, so that I shan't be offside?"

The secretary of a well-known football club wrote as follows to an equally well-known referee: "We had —— refereeing here yesterday, and the committee thought he was an idiot. As we do not know a bigger one we should like you to referee for us next Saturday." The referee, having a sense of humour, acknowledged receipt of the secretary's letter, and sent him a cutting, which read as follows: "The Earl of Mayo used to breed ostriches on a certain farm in Ireland. One day, before leaving for town, he called his steward and told him he was expecting an ostrich egg, and should it come in his absence he was to be wired for. The Earl received the following telegram at his London hotel: 'Egg arrived. In the absence of your lordship we have placed it under the biggest goose we could find.'" The secretary of the football club was not as keen a humourist as the referee, for he angrily wrote back: "What has ostrich breeding got to do with football refereeing? Please let me know whether you can come or not."

THE POOR MAN'S PALACE OF PUGILISM.

By RONALD E. MONTROSE.

(Illustrated by "W. F.")



"KNOCKED OUT."

I AM east of Aldgate, in all the blaze and bustle of a Whitechapel Saturday night. Raucous-voiced street merchants vociferously bawl the merits of their wares. People of every nationality surge to and fro, laughing, chaffing, whistling, singing. Garishly lighted saloons are thronged to their very thresholds. Pale, prematurely-aged young men sip "four ale" and whiff the inevitable "Woodbine"; anæmic, semi-developed young women are imbibing port and porter. Handsome young Rebeccahs and smart young Isaacs—the aristocrats of the East—stroll arm-in-arm along the High Street, as merry and gay as if the promised land had become to them at least a tangible possession. Why seek a new Jerusalem when life is so bright and merry in dear, dirty, overcrowded Whitechapel?

In the midst of all this noise and squalor is "Wonderland." Suggestive name! The exterior, it must be admitted, is not impressive, but, after all, as the comic song says, "You can't judge cigars by the picture on the box." I watch a number of thick-set, close-cropped, clean-shaven men enter, and then I remember that this is the East-Enders' National Sporting Club. I hesitate. I am lost. My friend, the assistant editor, is standing on the pavement staring at me. Without a word, I am suddenly gripped in a vice-like clutch, and ere I can protest that my tastes are pacific, not pugilistic, I am seated beside my friend immediately beneath a small-elevated platform, crowned at each corner with a very much used pair of boxing gloves.

"You're just the man I want," says the A.E., "now we are seated.

"I want you to describe the show for the magazine."

I protest that I know absolutely nothing about boxing; that I am sure to make a blunder of it; that, in fact, I am a peace-at-any-price man!

"Just the very reasons why you should write your impressions," is his hearty response. "I don't want a learned description about upper-cuts and under-cuts, counters, and side-steps, and all that sort of thing. Let the readers of *Sandow's Magazine* have a peep inside Wonderland just as it appears to you."

And so I am cornered, for a very determined man is the A. E.

I carefully, therefore, study my curious surroundings. We are in an atmosphere of combat. Round us on every side, faces. And of a type. Broken noses, black eyes, square jowls; close-cropped heads everywhere. Here comes a couple of young men, though, of a different appearance. There is no mistaking their profession. Straight of back, clean of limb, with well-chiselled features, they bear the hall-mark of Sandhurst all over them. After them enters a mild-mannered looking old gentleman, with kindly laughing eyes. He seems strangely out of place amid such surroundings. He is evidently well-known, however, and I ask my friend if he knows him.

"Know him," he ejaculates; "rather! Why, that's old Tom Slashem, the man who nearly knocked out Jim Jeffries last winter. One of the wickedest fighters I ever saw. Who did you think he was, eh?"

"I—er—I—I thought he looked like a missionary, or a draper's shopman, or something like that," I answer somewhat dubiously.

("What a deceptive old reprobate," is my inmost thought. "He hasn't even a low forehead.")

HIS CHANCES HOPELESS FROM THE START.

In my surprise I venture to rise to my feet to have a better look at this terrible old warrior with the face of a saint.

"Sit down in front"; "now, then, guv'nor, give a little one a chawnst"; "lookin' for the missus, boss"; "p'raps the gent wants to put the mittens on," and similar cries come from behind me, and I quickly subside again, for I am told a Wonderland crowd is apt to be "'Asty when it's vexed."

I am feeling anything but comfortable when a fellow hammering on a tin tray suddenly diverts all eyes in another direction. Two youths, almost "mid nodings on," next mount the platform. They are Dummy Sam and Darkey Jones.

These names are announced by a gent in evening-dress suit, who takes care to indicate most clearly which one is "Dummy" and which is "Darkey."

"Hon my left is Dummy Sam, hon my right is Darkey Jones," he cries, while the chances of both are eagerly discussed by the cognoscenti present. Then the M.C. turns to the right-about, and announces, "Hon my left is Darkey Jones, hon my right is Dummy Sam."

The "gong" sounds again, and soon I see two pairs of arms working in the air like flails.

"Go it Dummy, hit him on the kiss-kiss," yells one section of the house.

"Buck up, Darkey, give him a straight left," shouts the other.

The referee looks on with the expression of a sphinx.

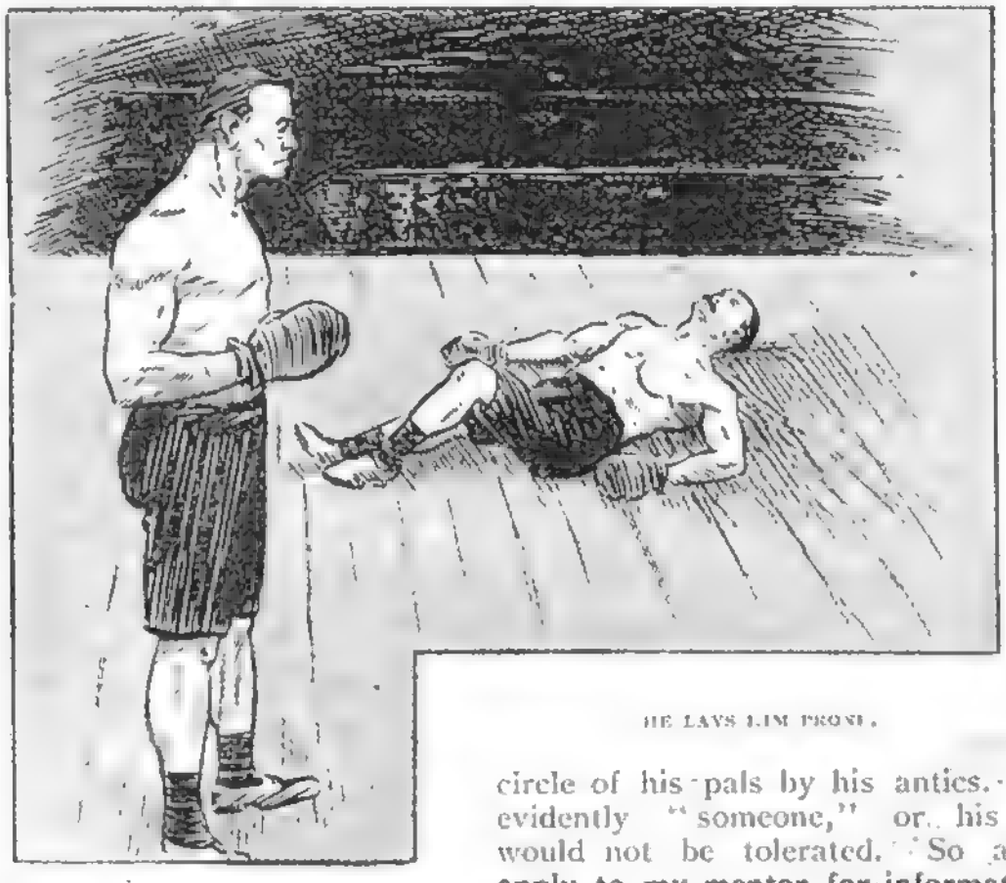
The bout is quickly over, for the "Dummy" suddenly lands a terrific right-hander on his opponent's jaw, and lays him prone.

Four men in white jerseys leap over the ropes, and seizing the prostrate boxer by the arms and legs, lift him on to a chair with as much consideration as if he were a sack of flour. After much squeezing of water over him from a grimy sponge, much waving of towels, much pinching and squeezing of his ears, he opens his eyes with a "where am I" sort of expression in them. It is no use trying to get him to face the now smiling "Dummy" again, and amid loud cheers from the latter's supporters, the

imperturbable referee declares through the M.C. "Dummy's" victory.

Quick as lightning two more youths fill the vacant chairs. In the meantime, however, an army of hook-nosed, black-haired vendors are endeavouring to dispose of various comestibles.

"'Ere y'are, guv'nor," shouts one, thrusting some evil, verdigris-coloured mixture under my nose, "I've got some good food." I waved him aside with a look of disgust. "Jellied eels, eels all jelly," he continues lustily, but the alleged gong once more gives forth a melancholy tintinabulation, and the stentorian tones of the vendors cease for the time being.



HE LAYS HIM PRONE.

The scene enacted is much the same as before, except that in this case the chances of one competitor are apparently hopeless from the outset. It is a testimony to the better nature of some of the spectators that they try to prevent the round from proceeding.

Cries of "Stop it!" "There'll be murder here!" "Send for the undertaker," are heard, but no one intervenes, and a second after, the affair is all over. The victim is half led, half carried away. This, however, I must say in fair play to all concerned, is an incident that is not repeated during the remainder of the evening.

Again the eel-mongers and the brass-lunged vendors of oranges and sweetmeats. A monkey-faced youth who has evidently indulged not wisely but too well in the cup that cheers is amusing a select circle of his pals by his antics. He is evidently "someone," or his antics would not be tolerated. So again I apply to my mentor for information.

He informs me that this is the great little "Cough-Drop," the champion light-weight of the world. Again am I amazed, for the great little man looks at the moment as if a spring zephyr would upset his balance. Thousands of pounds has the "Cough Drop" earned in his day. But the "Drop" likes fleshly delights and the "gee-gees," and thousands go very fast in those directions. The evening rolls on steadily, with intermittent musical interludes on the "gong." Now is everyone on the tip-toe of expectation, for it is the tit-bit of the evening, and the men are not novices, but real live champions.

Here they are, both "smiling and confident," as the sporting reporters say. The one is a curly-headed, wiry-looking little sailor with the face of a cherub. The other is a fair-haired young giant of splendid physique and good appearance. In fact, I observe, that taken all round the men in the ring compare facially and in general appearance to the decided disadvantage of the spectators. They are to fight six rounds for a purse of—so say the bills—£150.

The sailor reminds me of one of those toy monkeys worked by wires that you see in the shop windows at Christmas time. He is here, there, everywhere. His opponent is less elastic, but cool as a professional dead-head on a first night.

One round passes and neither has gained the advantage. Two also goes by, and if anything Jack has a little the best of it. The third begins, and Jack becomes more like the toy monkey than ever.

His gloved fists move like a couple of fast travelling cricket balls. Piff, bang, smack—one hears them as they land in various parts of his opponent's anatomy.

The other seems puzzled and no wonder, for the sailor is a sort of human pyrotechnics.

Crash! Jack with a flying leap seems to jump right at his opponent's neck. The other goes down like a felled bullock. Over him crouches the sailor, but the other moves not. Five seconds have gone, and now he is attempting to rise. But no, down he goes again and yet again. Eight, nine, ten—he is defeated.

A couple of blue-jackets spring suddenly from somewhere, and nearly tear the arms off their shipmate. Everyone is bubbling over with excitement—everyone but the hook-nosed, black-haired, sallow-complexioned vendors. They are yelling their wares more loudly than ever. Who wins or loses they care not, so long as the nimble coppers come into their hands.

There are other contests of a minor nature to follow, but they are as water unto wine, and we prepare to leave. The A. E. is beaming with joy, and the last words we heard were the same level tones reiterating—

"Hon my left ———."

H. T. Asit (Petersfield), a well-known Hanley, Staffs, Physical Culture Instructor.

The Reason Why Most Men Do Not Accomplish More Is Because They Do Not Attempt More.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

First have a definite goal and an original plan by which to reach it, then give up smaller ambitions.

TO-DAY the man who succeeds isn't the one who asks Tom, Dick, or Harry his opinion of a venture, nor is he the one who obeys the precepts of a past generation; rather, he gives his idea to the great public.

"It can be done," says Conservatism, who has never seen it done.

"It can be done," says Modern Progress.

The whole world will stop to listen if you have a new idea and the will power to back it.

This is not a whit less true of the man who is the centre of a small circle of influence than it is of the millionaire who gambles in railroads.

NEGATIVE VIRTUES ARE EXPECTED.

Yesterday the catchwords of the business world were thrift, honesty, punctuality, neatness, obedience. It was said that any "steady young man" who possessed these priceless traits would "get ahead." To-day it is the exceptional man who hasn't these traits. Their possession causes no comment; only their absence. An employee who has them not will soon find himself out of a job. But if he would do more than merely "hold a job," he must in addition be alert, he must use his brains, and he must see his opportunities.

You may jog along at a safe, sure, slow pace, relying on the old fashioned virtues, but they will not help you out of the beaten path. All the negative virtues in the world will not put you among successful men. The steadiness of a sphinx will make you about as progressive as the sphinx itself, unless it be combined with an intelligent purpose. The steadiness of inertia is only stagnation.

A horse with a good disposition that will stand without hitching and is safe for a woman to drive is well enough for country roads and simple demands, but it will never be tried on the race-track.

RESPECT YOUR OWN IDEAS.

On the firm foundation of solid reliability, originality must erect a structure. To this end you must respect your own ideas as fully as those of another. You must accept the ideas that come into your own mind with as much sincerity as you do those of an Edison. Do not be limited by the achievements of others. Use their knowledge merely to push your own.

The greatest achievement was once merely an idea; then it became a plan, then a reality, and finally a fact strongly established as the rivers and hills.

Fix this truth firmly in your mind: You are but one of many handfuls of animated dust, through which a life current passes. You are in no way different from the men whose names top the play bills of modern finance.

Your head may contain as many brain cells as did that of Napoleon, but if you choose to allow three-fourths of these cells to remain unused you cannot expect to compete successfully with men who exercise all their brain power.

MENTAL EXERCISE SOLVES MYSTERIES.

Exercise of brain power makes the whole difference between Andrew Carnegie and the clerk who has grown old, always a clerk. Achievement comes from original thinking, from looking forward instead of back, from planning new ways of doing things rather than basing action on threadbare precepts.

Every unknown path is full of mystery. In proportion as you venture in does the mystery vanish. Every unexplored continent is a dark one.

Nothing in reason you really want need you be denied. If you want it earnestly enough you will get it; if you fail, you did not really want it, else you had found a way.

Success is the only possible result of intelligent concentration. Living is not a blind game of chance; it is a mathematical proposition. You have the problem, and your chance is to solve it. You must know the answer.

STEADILY FOLLOW YOUR PLANS.

You cannot win success as another would do it; you must win in your own way. There is no exact rule by which you can successfully lay seige to the heart of the woman you love; the method which would prove successful with another would defeat your ends. You must take into consideration yourself, the woman, and the environment. So it is in business. You must know yourself thoroughly, and have confidence in your ability to find the right way. You must know the field, the environment; and you must above all things know just exactly what it is you wish to accomplish. You must determine your goal, then make your plans and follow them out assiduously.

Twenty-five years ago in the then small town of Seattle, an editor was sitting at his desk one morning wishing something would happen to stir things up a bit.

Suddenly the door opened and a young man stood before him, bowing extravagantly. The editor stared in amazement. The young man was dressed with great care and when he spoke his drawl labelled him a southerner.

"I have come from Georgia, my dear sah," he said, laying a card before the editor. "I am a lawyer, and I intend to go to congress. I shall be grateful for any notice you may give me in your valuable paper, sah."

The western editor had never before encountered anything just like this. On his rim of the continent they had not begun to appreciate the value of publicity. Before he could recover from his surprise, the affable stanger had gone. The editor laughed; then he laughed some more; then he had an idea. He came out of his lethargy and taking up a pencil wrote for a good half hour.

CAN AFFORD BEING LAUGHED AT.

The next issue of the paper contained a story of the "young Lochinvar" who had come out of the South. It was read and laughed at, and the name of the aspiring youth stuck like a burr in every reader's memory.

Again he called on the editor; again he was all suavity, all gratitude for the attention which had been paid him. The editor had expected something different.

As the years passed the southerner continued to furnish copy for the western paper. He continued to do and say things that got his name into print; but this wasn't all he did. He was an indefatigable worker.

When the far western territory became a State he was nominated for congress. His name was known to every mountaineer, logger, and ranchman in the State, and they voted for him. He went to congress. To-day he is a power in national politics.

Other men who worked just as hard, who began the struggle for supremacy with him, who had as much native ability —perhaps more—are still working hard, and their names are not known.

He won because he had a definite plan, from which he never deviated; because he had a fixed goal. His methods were peculiar—decidely not the methods of a past generation; decidedly his own. They might not win for you. The story merely serves to illustrate the point at issue. You can't win as your father won; you can't win as your neighour wins; but you can win in your own way, if that way is the result of original thought, of looking into the future instead of the past, and an appreciation of ever changing conditions and methods.

KEEP YOUR GOAL IN MIND.

You are here; that is your problem. Decide upon what position you want to occupy in the world; that is the answer; then bend every intelligent effort to the working of the problem. The answer is

way at the back of the book. Turn the pages and look at it often. If you don't solve it correctly or in full it will be your own fault. At some point when it will have been of vital importance that your faculties should be wide awake they will have slept.

Remember that you will get just what you earn, not what you think you deserve. People say, "I ought to have good luck, I've had a hard enough time of it." Prosperity is the result of intelligent endeavour, not a prize awarded those who have been unsuccessful.

You can atttain the end you most desire, but you must pay for it; the price is giving up smaller ambitions, disappointing those you love who cannot always see as you see, foregoing indulgencies, and, above all, having a definite line of action and sticking to it. There is just one question to be answered, "Are you willing to pay the price?"—A. S. MUNROE, Editor of *Common-Sense*, in *Chicago Tribune*.

JAPANESE COAL HEAVERS.

By E. E. Adams.

THE coaling at Nagasaki is a most interesting proceeding to a visitor. This Japanese seaport is filled with dockyards and repair shops, and is visited by ships of all nations for repairs and coal supplies. As soon as a steamer arrives broad planks are arranged up each side of the ship by the nimble Japs, and on these they stand in line while a stream of baskets filled with coal passes from hand to hand from the coolies in the lighter shovelling the coal into the baskets to the last man, who empties it over the bunkers' mouths. Women and boys assist in the work, which is carried on with zeal and unflagging energy, and enlivened with chatting and chanting.

The incredible speed with which they work enables the Japanese coolies, working by hand in this way, to coal vessels much more rapidly than it has ever been done by steam power, over-head machinery, and elevated tracks for coal cars. A visitor to Nagasaki writes:—

"Three years ago, after an eleven days' detention in quarantine here, my ship was brought into harbour at seven in the evening. In half an hour the work had begun, and, notwithstanding a deluge of rain at ten o'clock, coaling never flagged until one o'clock in the morning. In that time 1,550 tons had been put aboard, and the lighters swung away with all crews cheering joyfully, for the coal company had promised them forty-eight hours' holiday, free baths and saki, if they would get the quarantine steamer away quickly.

"Since then 1,210 tons had been put aboard ship in three and a half hours. This rate of 372 tons an hour was the marvel of the initiated until this spring, when 420 tons an hour went to the credit of the cheerful, joyful little Nagasaki coal passers. At this last record-breaking performance 2,110 tons were put aboard in five and a half hours, during which time each gang had a half hour's rest for their mid-day meal."

The diet of these indefatigable and cheerful workers consists almost exclusively of rice. Among country folk this is supplemented by beans, peas, millet, and barley. Pickled and salted relishes are used with the rice to give it flavour, and salt fish is also used for seasoning; but the staple article of dietary is the Japanese rice, more solid and glutinous than the Chinese variety, which is much cheaper. For a lighter meal the coolie classes make use of soba, a macaroni made of buckwheat.

All day long, and often at night also, the Nagasaki harbour rings with the chant and laughter of these healthy, capable workers, who have been designated as "probably the happiest and most contented poor that one may find in the world."

The twentieth century spirit says to the man and woman: Select the business that is in accord with your tastes and that will exercise your mental faculties to such an extent as to keep you constantly advancing; live in the locality that furnishes the proper setting for your best development; surround yourself with people who bring out the best that is in you and give you fresh inspiration and renewed courage and hope; step out from the old shell of custom and habit; be a man—be a woman—exercise the God-given right of choice, otherwise you are a mere slave to circumstance.

ROYAL PALATES & THE MEN WHO TICKLE THEM.

German Emperor has a high-salaried Chef who makes nothing but Sausages.

ALTHOUGH there were nearly fifty persons employed in the British royal kitchen, beginning with a French chef, whose salary is well worth over four figures a year in pounds sterling, King Edward himself seems to profit little by their skill. A thin soup, such as julienne, some sort of white fish, and a delicate dish composed of chicken or other bird, form one of his majesty's typical meals. It is to his guests that most of the dainty dishes go, says London *Answers*.

Despite all that is said about the German Emperor's Spartan habits, there are few monarchs who keep more elaborate tables. He has four chefs, of different nationalities, and, in addition, there is an individual who may be described as "sausage-maker to the Kaiser."

His Majesty is very fond of the huge white frankfurter sausages, and has a supply of them made fresh every day in his own kitchen. When engaged in manœuvering his army on a big field day, these frankfurters and bread invariably form the Kaiser's lunch.

The chef to the Czar of Russia leads a dog's life, it is said, thanks to the monarch's habit of ordering special dishes to be prepared, and then refusing them and demanding something else. "Elk, in ten fashions," was one of his extraordinary orders—countermanded in favour of black game after the menu was put before him.

King Carlos of Portugal is the stoutest of European monarchs. This may be due to his love of English foods. Nothing delights him so much as simple roast joints and poultry, with plain gravies and sauces. When he is dining alone, his evening meal frequently consists of a few oysters, a portion of a porterhouse steak, and a little Gruyere cheese.

Macaroni may be described as the staple food of King George of Greece. He insists upon having it upon the table and partaking of it at every meal, in some form or other, and he alone of European monarchs, employs "macaroni chef," an Italian, who is not only expert in preparing the food in every possible way, but also at building it into all kinds of shapes.

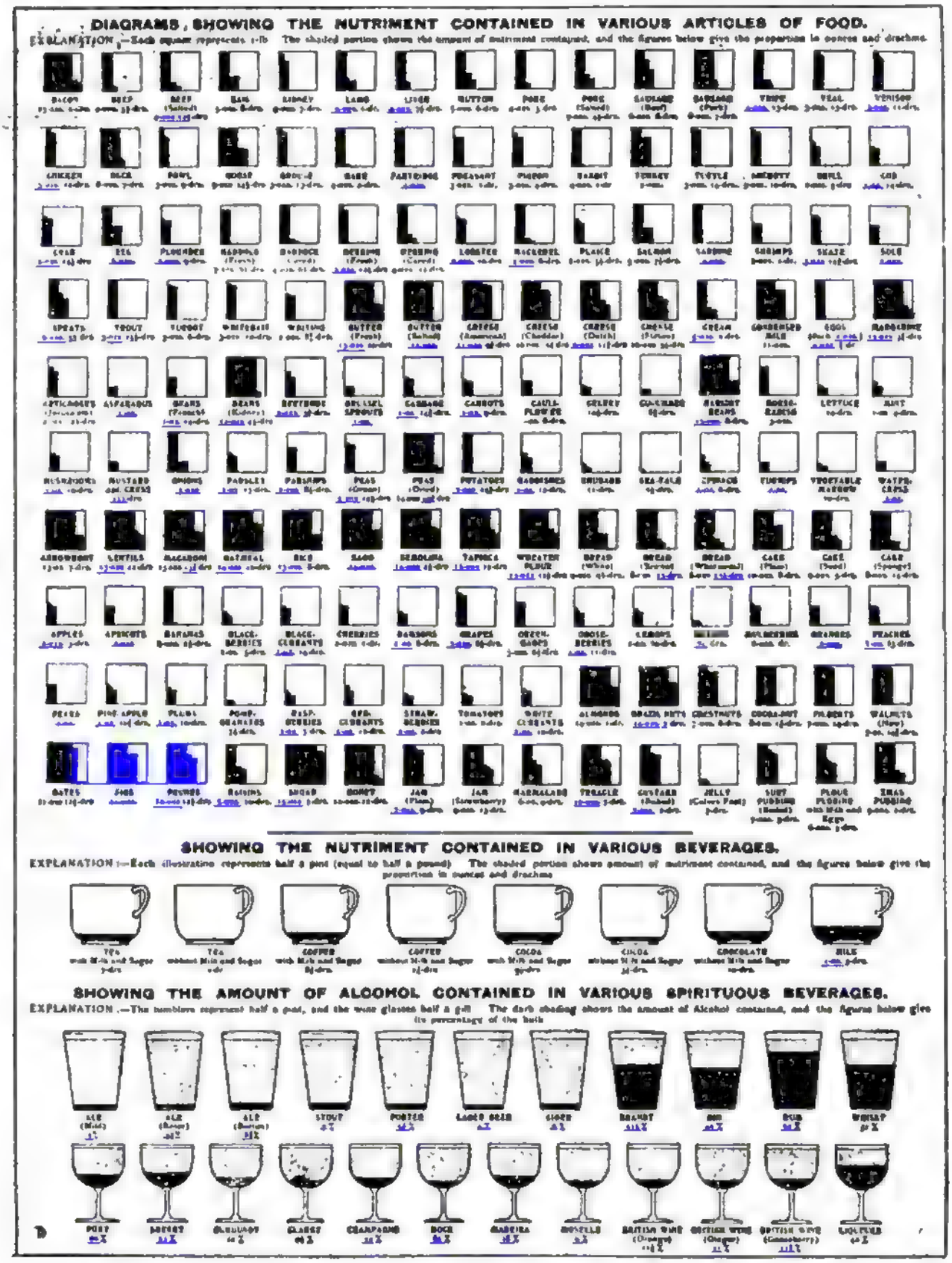
The young King of Spain is extremely partial to goat's flesh. As he couples with this a strong liking for garlic, beloved of his countrymen, his chef's ingenuity is frequently taxed to provide something new in the way of dishes. Goose stuffed with chestnuts is another favourite of Alfonso.

The Scandinavian monarchs are simple in their choice of foods, and their cooks have easy times. The King of Sweden and Norway, in particular, is partial to cold meats and fish. Herrings with tomatoes are a favourite mixture of his, and reindeer flesh, which is a popular food in that country, always finds a place on the royal table.

One of the great lessons of life is to learn not to do what one likes, but to like what one does.—HUGH BLAC.

FOOD FOR THE HUNGRY.—During the winter of the last three years 400,000 hot dinners for the little ones have been provided by the London Vegetarian Association. The good work will be continued this winter, and a bazaar has been held to aid the fund.

A COOK'S QUALIFICATIONS.—A fine head of hair would seem to have been a recommendation in respect to the appointment of an assistant male cook by the Brentford Board of Guardians. The applicants included one who said that when quartered at Chatham in the Royal Marine Artillery, on a request being made for volunteers for the post of chief cook's mate on board the "Hermes," and having an "inst. ct for cooking," he accepted the position and cooked for 500 men. On this, Captain Purvis, R.N., a guardian, said if he had cooked for 500 men at sea he must know something about cooking, or he would not have a head of hair like that. It would all have been pulled out before long if his cooking was bad. The applicant was unanimously appointed.


DIAGRAMS, SHOWING THE NUTRIMENT CONTAINED IN VARIOUS ARTICLES OF FOOD.
EXPLANATION.—Each square represents 1-lb. The shaded portion shows the amount of nutriment contained, and the figures below give the proportion in ounces and drachms.
SHOWING THE NUTRIMENT CONTAINED IN VARIOUS BEVERAGES.
EXPLANATION.—Each illustration represents half a pint (equal to half a pound). The shaded portion shows amount of nutriment contained, and the figures below give the proportion in ounces and drachms.
SHOWING THE AMOUNT OF ALCOHOL CONTAINED IN VARIOUS SPIRITUOUS BEVERAGES.
EXPLANATION.—The tumblers represent half a pint, and the wine glasses half a gill. The dark shading shows the amount of Alcohol contained, and the figure below gives its percentage of the bulk.

This diagram from the "Chart of Life" may be studied with profit at this festive period.

ON AND OFF THE MAT.

How Hackenschmidt & Madrali Train.

For a nation of wrestlers, in the days gone by, it is curious to see now that we Britishers are unable to place any one man in the field who can hope to cope successfully with the best of the Continental heavy-weight division. In the middle-weight we certainly score, but there is only one man, Joe Carroll, who is a real champion at this poundage, while in the light-weight division Yukio Tani, by his victory over Jim Mellor, secured the title for the little island far across the seas.

It was vastly different in the years that have passed, when old Matt Steadman would throw any man who might come against him. And yet, despite the fact that we cannot hope to be properly represented, there is no other sport that at present claims so many votaries, and which causes so much discussion, as wrestling. The meeting of the "Russian Lion," George Hackenschmidt, and the "Terrible Turk," Ahmed Madrali, for the catch-as-catch-can championship of the world in the very near future, for instance, will be witnessed by thousands drawn from all over the country, and that despite the fact that Madrali was beaten by his present opponent in a very few seconds when the pair were brought together under Græco-Roman rules.

That the public have a keen interest in this approaching contest has been evident for a very considerable time, consequently each man is striving his utmost to do full justice to his country and himself. Wrestling in public night after night may be thought to be sufficient practice, but it is far from being the case, and the men will, prior to coming on the mat, have trained as carefully and as conscientiously as though the fate of an empire were depending upon their efforts.

Hackenschmidt has now been wrestling, month in and month out, ever since he returned from his world's tour, but before the big match he will rest for a while. Not for long, be it understood, but just long enough to allow any feeling of staleness to disappear. Seeing that he is in condition now, and that he is an all-round athlete, it will not be a difficult matter to put the finishing touches to his preparation. The Russian can turn a somersault in the air without a run, he can clear the bar at 6 ft. with a running jump, and is equally good at a standing jump. When getting ready for a big contest he takes life very easily. He goes to bed at an early hour—early, at least, for a music-hall artiste—and he is up soon after the lark in the morning.

He does a little wrestling, and then undertakes a general Physical Culture course. By these means every muscle in his body is brought into play. One exercise, for instance, which is generally indulged in by the Lion, is to raise and lower his body by the arms while leaning against a bench or desk. Our military readers will recognise what amount of good to the shoulders and back this performance does. Walking is another favourite form of recreation with Hackenschmidt, while as for food during the time he is getting fit, he believes in plenty of wholesome meat, not forgetting sweetmeats, which, he has stated, tend to make men strong and powerful. That they have in his case is evident from the ease with which he tosses weights the ordinary man would have a difficulty in moving from the ground from hand to hand while walking about his training quarters.

Madrali, quite a contrast to the Russian in appearance, does not get nearly so much adipose tissue as when he is ready to wrestle in any of his matches.

He will, by the side of Hackenschmidt, probably look beefy, yet there is no question but that he will be as fit on the crucial evening as his trainer, and Antonio Pierri, can make him.

He, too, is an eater of sweetmeats, but the stories told of some of his methods of training must be taken with a considerable amount of caution. What actually happens is that he does a fair amount of wrestling with his partners and Pierri, the latter having been a world's champion in his day, but he is not nearly so quick and so active as his formidable opponent. Difficult to defeat he certainly is, for his weight renders him practically immovable when on the defensive, while his easy-going Oriental method of getting ready does not tend to get his poundage down.

Madrali is not a weight-lifter, he does not favour that method when preparing for a contest, but that he is possessed of enormous strength was proved when he met and defeated Tom Jenkins, the American champion. His fractured elbow, an injury sustained when he first met Hackenschmidt, has not impaired his powers; he is as good with his right as with his left arm, and even when wrestling in practice he proves again and again that his bodily powers are even greater now than they were a year or more ago.

When the men come together it will be a battle of styles. Hackenschmidt, as quick and as nimble as a cat, and with a tremendous amount of power; Madrali, somewhat elephantine in his movements, but still possibly an even stronger man when roused. The Russian, under Græco-Roman rules, knew he had to be quick in order to win. Will he be equally successful when he again faces the audience at Olympia?—*Tit-Bits.*

The Olympic Games of 1906.

The Olympic Games are to be held in Athens from April 16th to 26th. The games will be open exclusively to amateurs. The programme is as follows:

STADIUM RACES.—100-metres flat race, hurdles (100 metres), 400-metre flat race, 800-metre flat race, 1,500-metre flat race, Marathon race, distance 40 kilometres, Marathon to the Stadium.

JUMPING.—Standing broad, running broad, running high, running hop, step and jump, pole jumping.

THROWING THE DISC.—Free throwing, classic throwing (ancient Greek).

PUTTING THE WEIGHT.

THROWING THE PALET.

PENTATHLON.—100-metre race, running broad jump, free throwing of the disc, pole jumping, putting the weight. Competitors must enter for all five events. The system of counting the points will be decided at a later date.

WRESTLING.—Græco-Roman style.

GYMNASTICS.—Individual performance; combined performance by teams of at least eight men. Each team will be allowed a certain time in which to perform exercises of its own selection. Neither individual exercises nor movements involving individual performances will be allowed in this competition. The judges will take into consideration the difficulty and the style of the exercise, in deciding which team deserves the first, second or third prize.

ATHLETIC GAMES.—Lawn tennis, cricket (if practicable).

SHOOTING.

FENCING.—Foil, sabre, duelling sword.

BOAT RACING (if practicable).

The official programme and the rules of each competition will be published later.

Circulars have been sent by H. Lambros, general secretary of the committee on Olympic games at Athens, to all of the steamship lines, asking special rates for intending competitors and others who wish to be present.

The Panathenian Stadium, where the athletic and gymnastic games will take place, is that of Herodus Atticus, reconstructed in its entirety in pentolic marble, on the ancient plan, in 1904 and 1905, at an expense of 3,000,000 francs thanks to the munificence of a rich Epirote, the late George Averoff. It can contain 60,000 spectators. The ports of Piræus and of Phalerum will serve for the nautical contests, as well as for the Venetian festival, which will be organised during the games.

Time is going on just as relentlessly as ever. Are you making the moments count?

The World's Best Athletic Records

Following are the world's best records, as they stand now, as compiled by the *Sun*. The official figures, not yet due, will probably not affect them materially :—

AMATEUR.

50 yards—5 2-5 s., Victor Rice.
100 yards—9 4-5 s., B. J. Wefers, W. A. Schick, Charles L. Parsons, John Owen, Junr., J. H. Rush, Clyde A. Blair, and W. D. Eaton.
220 yards—21 1-5 s., B. J. Wefers.
440 yards—47 s., M. W. Long.
Half-mile—1 m. 53 2-5 s., C. H. Kilpatrick.
Three-quarter mile—3 m. 2 4-5 s., T. P. Connell.
One mile—4 m. 15 3-5 s., T. P. Connell.
Two miles—9 m. 8 4-5 s., A. Shrubb.
Three miles—14 m. 17 3-5 sec., A. Shrubb.
Four miles—19 m. 31 3-5 s., A. Shrubb.
Five miles—24 m. 33 2-5 s., A. Shrubb.
Six miles—29 m. 59 2-5 s., A. Shrubb.
Seven miles—35 m. 4 3-5 s., A. Shrubb.
Eight miles—40 m. 16 s., A. Shrubb.
Nine miles—45 m. 27 3-5 s., A. Shrubb.
Ten miles—50 m. 40 s., A. Shrubb.
Eleven miles—56 m. 23 2-5 s., A. Shrubb.
One hour 11 m.—1,137 yds., A. Shrubb.
120 yards hurdle—15 1-5 s., A. C. Kraenzlein.
220 yards hurdle—24 3-5 s., A. C. Kraenzlein.
Running broad jump—24 ft. 11 3-4 in., P. O'Connor.
Running high jump—6 ft. 5 3-8 in., M. F. Sweeney.
Pole vault—12 ft. 1 32-100 in., N. Dole.
Putting 16 lb. shot—49 ft. 6 in., W. W. Coe.
Throwing 16 lb. hammer—172 ft. 11 in., J. Flanagan.
Throwing 56-lb. weight—38 ft. 7 3-8 in., J. Flanagan.
Throwing the discus—133 ft. 11 in., M. Sheridan.

PROFESSIONAL.

50 yards—5 1-4 s., H. M. Johnson.
100 yards—9 4-5 s., H. Bethune and H. M. Johnson.
400 yards—48 1-4 s., R. Buttery.
Half-mile—1 m. 53 1-2 s., F. Scurry Hewett.
Three-quarters of a mile—3 m. 7 s., W. Richards.
One mile—4 m. 12 3-4 s., W. G. George.
Two miles—9 m. 11 1-2 s., W. Lang.
Three miles—14 m. 19 1-2 s., P. Cannon.
Four miles—19 m. 25 2-5 s., P. Cannon.
Five miles—24 m. 40 s., J. White.
Six miles—24 m. 50 s., J. White.
Seven miles—34 m. 45 s., J. White.
Eight miles—40 m. 20 s., J. Howitt.
Nine miles—45 m. 21 s., J. Howitt.
Ten miles—50 m. 6 3-5 s., W. Cummings.
Eleven miles—56 m. 52 s., L. Bennett (Deerfoot).
Running broad jump—21 ft. 6 1-2 in., E. W. Johnson.
Running high jump—5 ft. 11 in., E. W. Johnson.
Pole vault—10 ft. 10 1-4 in., S. Musgrove.
Putting 16-lb. shot—44 ft. 6 1-2 in., O. Duffy.
Throwing 16-lb. hammer—165 ft., Tom Carroll.
Throwing 56-lb. weight—29 ft. 1 in., G. Ross.
Throwing the discus—136 ft. 1 in., H. Gill.

American Notes.

Sprinting is the most popular branch of modern athletics. The shortest distance to attract public notice was the 40 yard, and at the indoor meet given by the Boston A.A. on March 12th, W. D. Eaton, of Amherst, was announced to have done the distance in 4 2-5 seconds. The record is questioned, however.

Walking, almost an obsolete form of athletics, was once again brought to the notice of the public. At the Lewis and Clark Exposition, Portland, Ore., William Young, of the Tacoma High School, broke the record for the 220-yard walk, which was 39 2-5 seconds, by W. H. Parry.

Throwing the discus caused a lot of worry to the record authorities. Two records made by John Garrels of 135 ft. 1-2 in., or 140 ft. 2 1-2 in. were rejected because the discus was a special make of Garrels' own.

A real old stager of a record—throwing the 12-lb. hammer with one hand 164 ft. 2 in.—was changed in August. It had stood to the credit of W. L. Condon since 1882, but E. H. Parry, of Chicago, threw the hammer 184 ft. 6 in. at Pullman, Ill., in July.

At the annual gymnasium meet of the Orange Y.M.C.A., Louis Kilian, in the running long dive, cleared 14 ft. 8 in. and beat the old record by himself of 13 ft. 9 1-4 in.

In the newspapers C. J. Seitz, of Georgetown, and Archibald Hahn, of Michigan, have been credited with 6 1-5 seconds for 60 yards.

Since A. C. Duffey's record of 9 3-5 seconds for the 100 yards has been thrown out, the 9 4-5 mark reached by Wefers, Schick, and others is the accepted record, and this was equalled at the A.A.U. championship at Portland, Ore., August 4th, by Charles Parsons, of California.

Parsons, of Yale, at the intercollegiate championship, covered a half-mile in 1 minute 56 seconds, breaking the former intercollegiate record of E. H. Hollister, of Harvard, by four-fifths of a second.

In longer distances the season was memorable for the fastest mile even run by a native-born American, by James P. Sullivan of the Irish-American A.C. in 4 minutes 22 4-5 seconds at the Metropolitan championships.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught,
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.—JOHN DRYDEN.

Sandow Magazine Readers' Club.

President - - EUGEN SANDOW.

Motto:—One may Help Many.

For the exchange of ideas, personal experiences and photos for the encouragement of Club Members. Every Reader is a Club Member.

Readers are expected to act up to the Club Motto, and for services rendered the President will award to the sender of every published idea, experience or photo, the Club Fellowship Medal as a token that the rightful owner has earned the Fellowship of the Club.

Once a month the names of newly-admitted Fellows will be published under the head of "The Fellowship Roll."

Those already qualified as Fellows and who send further contributions will have attached to their names figures denoting the number of occasions on which they have assisted the Club, thus:—Alfred James (*5), Birmingham (meaning that this is Mr. James' fifth occasion of assisting the Club).

An Idea for Readers.

Almond Bank, Perth.

DEAR SIR,—As a constant reader of your magazine, I take this opportunity of writing to you.

I have been very much struck with the motto you have chosen for the Readers' Club. I do not think you could have chosen a better one, and I hope that every one of the Readers will act up to it. In my own case I have always tried to help on the cause of Physical Culture.

At my own work a young fellow, who is a member of the local football team, was telling me that he has got hold of an old shed and he puts his clubmates through your system of exercises. His own words are, "I have all the team lying on their backs working their muscles," and that same team has not dropped a point this season.

It was from me he got his first lesson. I supplied him with old magazines, and now he is teaching his clubmates, and you cannot say where it may end.

A friend of mine has a family, mostly girls. Well, one night it occurred to me that it would be a good thing to teach them, and now they do exercises regularly, and they are turning into bonnie, well-set-up girls.

Now, here is an idea that everyone of your Readers could do: pass on the magazine to some other person. At the present time it never was better, and they may become Readers, and therefore members of the Club, and then we feel as if we had friends all over the world.

There are, I suppose, a large number of foreign Readers.

I only hope that this club may be a success. —Yours very sincerely,

W. T.

Was Given up for Dead.

4, The Promenade, York Road,
West Hartlepool.

DEAR MR. SANDOW,—I am pleased you have commenced a "Readers' Club," and hope that your Readers will take every opportunity to tell their experiences. The following will show you what your system did for me. About four years ago I was attacked by sciatica, and was in bed six weeks with same. When I got out I had spinal curvature in the worst possible form, being drawn over to one side. I was like this for about eight months, when I chanced to see your book, "Strength, and How to Obtain it." I purchased it, and at once commenced with a pair of dumb-bells, following out your instructions.

All the people who knew me laughed and passed remarks about "the coming strong man" (I was living with my parents at Loftus at the time), but they soon saw a difference in me, and I may say I am one of the best developed men in Loftus. I measured only 24 in. round my chest when I commenced, and am now 39 in.

The following improvements were made in four years, and considering I was given up for dead, believe it is a record:—

	Then (1901).	Now (1905).
Chest	24 inches	39 inches
Arm	11 "	14½ "
Wrist	19 "	8 "
Thigh	18½ "	24 "
Calf	10 "	15 "
Height	5 ft. 10 in.	5 ft. 11 in.
Weight	7 st. 6 lbs. (19 Years).	10 st. 10 lbs. (23 years old).

I have to thank you, Mr. Sandow, for my present state of health, and should like to become a member of your Club.

Wishing you every success.—Yours truly,

W. D. NUTT

P.S.—I enclose cutting from the *Loftus Advertiser, re* presentation to myself. I may state I commenced a Physical Culture Club at Loftus on your system.—W. D. N.

From a Gold Medallist.

Napier, New Zealand.

DEAR SIR,—I was more than pleased when I got your letter, telling me that I was the lucky competitor in the June Physical Culture Competition. I never thought when I took up the

FRANK HATCH (Wellington, N.Y.).

Age	18 yrs. 11 mths.		Fore arm ...	11¼	inches.
Neck	15½	inches.	Waist	27½	,,
Chest (deflated) ...	32½	,,	Hips	32	,,
Chest (exp.)	40½	,,	Thigh	21½	,,
Upper Arm	12½	,,	Calf	14½	,,

Sandow System at first that I should ever improve my physique to be able to win a Gold Medal in an open competition. It wasn't for the sake of a medal I took it up, and the benefits I have derived from the system, both mentally and physically, are more than I had ever hoped for.

I wouldn't like to stop the exercises now, as they are part of my life, and the winning of the medal will help me to go at it with more zeal.

We haven't a chance of seeing the stars in the Physical Culture world out here, like what the young Briton has in the old country; but Sandow's visit out here in the latter part of 1902 will never be forgotten, and we are looking forward to seeing him again when he comes round in his next world's tour.

If the same enthusiasm is felt in the old country at seeing men like Sandow, as it was here, well, it must be great to see one of the big Physical Culture displays.

I hope the competitions will still draw numbers of competitors, and I shouldn't be surprised if more than one medal comes to the Colonies.

Wishing the *Sandow Magazine* every success in its good work, and life to its editor.—Yours faithfully,

R. MEECHAN.

A Worthy Example to Physical Culturists.

20, Rowlandson Street, Great Grimsby.
December 1st, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—I have pleasure in enclosing you two photographs, together with a little of my "experience" of Physical Culture, which will no doubt be interesting to the Readers of your splendid Magazine, as it comes from one who has brought himself from weakness and ill-health back to health and strength.

I began in May, 1900, being then fifteen years and eleven months old; the one photograph shows what I looked like after three months exercise, and the other after five years, same being taken in May this year. I may say that from birth I had always been of very weak health, being a sufferer from asthma and weak chest, but I am glad to say I am now in the best of health and strength and I owe this entirely to the Sandow system of physical culture.

Shortly before I commenced Physical Culture I saw an athlete perform at Grimsby, and when I looked at him and then at myself I determined I would alter my condition. I began by using the ordinary light iron dumb-bells, but these got too monotonous, so I obtained one of your Developers, which I used regularly, and finally I got a pair of your Grip Dumb-bells, which, I think, are the best of all. The latter I use at present.

Some enthusiasts like one system, and some another, but I believe in the one that was originated by the "Father of Physical Culture," that is, "Sandow." Although there are numerous systems now before the public, I think it is useless anyone taking any one of them up without they mean to stick to it, and I think it more depends on the way you do the exercises than the amount of exercise you do. Then, again, too many young men when they begin think more about the biceps than the more important internal organs. What is the use of having big biceps and weak organs?—you might just as well have a gold watch with poor works. Therefore, I think it is best to get the lungs, etc., in sound condition before thinking so much about the biceps.

Then some people say they cannot take the cold bath, but I think if you commence with warm water, then, day by day, gradually decrease the temperature of the water, I think you can get to take the cold bath quite easily.

I also believe in eating what agrees with you, and that in moderation, also wearing loose clothing, and getting as much sleep as you can.

After I got myself in condition by the light exercise, I commenced a little weight-lifting,

and I may say when I commenced it took me all my time to get 40 lbs. above my head—and that done by the jerk. Although my lifts are not records I think they do me credit when I think of my condition when I commenced Physical Culture.

Now, just a word on weight-lifting. I think it is a splendid and healthy sport, and I do not think there is any more danger in lifting weights than there is in any other sport, because, like all other sports, the danger only comes when you try to do more than you are capable of, and if you commence with a light bell, and gradually add the weight as your strength increases, I fail to see where you can come to grief. I may say I possess one of Professor Inch's disc-loading bar-bells, which I think are perfection, and all those who are thinking of going in for a bit of lifting, I would sincerely advise to get one from this gentleman. I have had both the solid shot-loading and the disc-loading, but I prefer the latter by far, because they take up less space, and are easier adjusted to the weight you may require.

I won one of Sandow's medals in the World Wide Competition, and also won the first prize for weight-lifting at a local club I attended.

I should like to impress upon your Readers who are in a weak condition not to despair because they are weak, but to buck up and go in for Physical Culture, and I am sure it will handsomely repay them in the end, although I am well aware that while all of us cannot make "Sandow" of ourselves in strength we can make Sandows of ourselves in health.

I may say I have persuaded several to go in for Physical Culture, and they, too, have benefited by it.

I am also instructor of a Club that has been formed at Cleethorpes for Physical Culture, and there are as fine specimens of young men amongst them as you will find in a day's march. I simply instruct them for the love of the thing, and not for making anything out of it.

Well, Mr. Editor, you will think it time I back-pedalled a bit, so I will now enclose you my measurements and a few lifts, wishing you every possible success.—Yours faithfully,

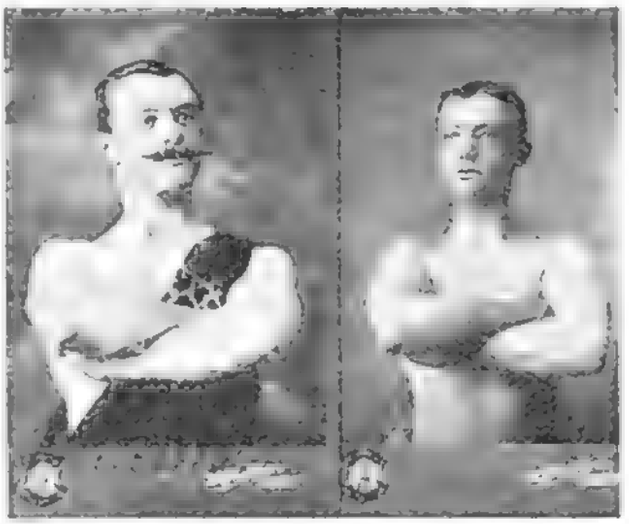
CHAS. HY. FLETCHER.

MEASUREMENTS.

	May 1st, 1900.	Present Time.
Height	5 ft. 10½ inches.	5 ft. 10½ inches.
Neck	14 "	16½ "
Chest (Con.)	33 "	32 "
Chest (Nor.)	33 "	39½ "
Chest (Exp.)	35½ "	42½ "
Biceps	12 "	14½ "
Forearm	10½ "	11½ "
Wrist	7 "	7 "
Waist	31½ "	29 "
Hips	36 "	37 "
Thigh	20½ "	22½ "
Calf	14½ "	15½ "
Weight	150 lbs.	163 lbs.

WEIGHT-LIFTING.

One hand press	135 lbs.
One hand snatch ...	105 lbs.
One hand jerk	130 lbs.
Two hand slow press	140 lbs.
Two hand jerk	185 lbs.



C. H. FLETCHER (Grimsby).

Are You in a Groove?

DEAR FELLOW MEMBERS,—The other day, whilst I was lying on the green grass, enjoying the warmth of the sun, my attention was directed to the gambling of two dogs. They kept rushing hither and thither, snapping and snarling at each other in great delight. As I watched them, I compared them with life. How free they were. They were at liberty to wander where they pleased. Is it so with you, dear reader? Are you free, or are you in the groove? If you happen to be in a groove, the sooner you get out of it the better it will be for your future welfare. Those who are in the groove are victims of circumstances. They are influenced by other minds and made subservient to them. They are stuck in the groove, and instead of trying to get out of it they keep going on, no matter where it may lead them. The consequence is they never make any headway. They are merely used for the advancement of others. You must fight against such influence. Get out of the groove at once, and then you will be free to wander where you please. Let your mind be free. Don't keep it tied down through lack of confidence. Assert yourself on all occasions. Speak your mind. In short, let your mind have a bit of it's own way, and wander away for a time. It will derive information on it's journey, and you will be all the wiser. If you walk in the groove, you are being led by others to a place you know not where. So get out of the groove and have a free mind, and then you will know where you are going, and will be able to avoid the pitfalls which are the barriers to your success.—Yours truly,

JOHN G. RATSON.

[The writer says in a covering letter: "In regard to your magazine, I can safely say that the literature contained in it is beneficial both to the mind and body. The articles are from the pens of proficient men, and I thoroughly enjoy reading it from cover to cover."]

Easy Home Massage Movements.

The Six Principal Movements and How to Make Them.

THE ordinary rubbing with the hands is not what is understood by massage, however, for massage is an art to be studied and acquired, requiring a certain degree of physical strength, a knowledge of the different movements, and a soothing, soft touch. The physical powers of endurance increase with practise, and the massage movements are as follows:—

First, the stroke. This is made by laying the hand palm downward flat on the surface to be manipulated, and stroking the surface in the direction of the underlying muscle.

Second movement is much like the stroke, but the knuckles are used instead of the palm. This movement is only employed for more deep-seated ailments, which cannot be reached by the more superficial stroke.

The *third* is known as petrissage. It is a species of deep kneading, in which the muscles and tissues are grasped in the fingers and rolled as a baker would grasp a mass of dough.

The *fourth* movement, or friction movement, is performed with the finger tips. These are quickly pressed into the surface with a short stroke and quickly withdrawn.

Tapotement, the *fifth* movement, consists of a series of quick, light taps given with the finger tips only. The hands are left loose at the wrist and the movements performed with the fingers of both hands, alternating in quick succession.

Palmar kneading, *sixth* movement, is done with the whole palmar surface of the hand lying flat on the part to be massed.

The hands of the masseuse should be soft and smooth, and finger nails cut short.

When a massage treatment has a soothing and calming effect it is much more efficacious than if it should prove stimulating, and can be administered at more frequent intervals. But massage is a powerful remedy, and while short, gentle manipulation will increase the strength and size of the muscles, long powerful massage will cause them to waste rapidly.

Ten minutes in the morning and the same again at night is about the right time for one not suffering from any serious complaint. In cases of stomach trouble the time of twenty minutes once a day is taken for massaging the entire body, and particularly the surface covering the stomach and intestines. In ordinary cases, dry massage—that is, with the hand alone—is sufficient, but whenever the skin shows a tendency to scaliness or harshness a little pure olive oil should be rubbed into the skin before beginning the massage treatment.

Anæmic patents are particularly benefited by massage, especial attention being paid to increasing the circulation over the region of the abdomen, in the limbs and back.

A good movement is done by placing the first and second fingers of the right hand on either side of the spinal column and following the same down to the end. The patient should lie upon the face, with hands crossed under the forehead. Another valuable movement for the spine is done by placing the two hands, one on each side of the spine at the lower part of the back, and work the fingers upward, dragging the palm of the hand as it were. Return with an opposite movement, dragging the fingers.

The chest of a person addicted to colds can be very much strengthened and the tendency overcome by daily massage of the chest, using the gentle kneading and petrissage movements.

No baby need grow into a knock-kneed, bow-legged, or weak-ankled youngster, if its mother will persistently employ massage to counteract these tendencies.

To straighten bow legs, hold the heel of the foot in the right hand, grasp knee with other; straighten out leg gently but firmly, with quick-pulling movement; massage the leg with firm stroke and kneading movements; hold the leg straight.

For knock knees massage the knees, encircling them with the hands and giving a wringing movement. The same movement around the ankles will strengthen them. Always massage the legs from the feet upward, beginning with the right foot.

First Necessary to Make the Child a Perfect Animal.

We have before us the annual report of the Education Department of Western Australia, which, as usual, contains an interesting record of educational progress in the Colony. From it we extract an interesting note on the physical work of the year written by Captain Hugh Hunt. He gives the following comparative table of the times allowed to physical exercises in the following countries:—

Germany devotes	2 to 3	hours	per week
Sweden ,,	2 to 3	,,	
France ,,	2	,,	
America ,,	2	,,	
Japan ,,	3 to 5	,,	

In the light of recent events the last line in the above extract is significant. He points out that the objection to physical training often arises from misconception. Physical education is confounded with athleticism. People seem to think that mere athleticism supplies sufficiently bodily training. All rational thinkers are agreed that the two great sides of education—mental and physical—should go hand in hand; but if any preference is to be given to one over the other, that the physical should have that precedence in point of time. "It is first necessary to make the child a perfect animal." He quotes a recent writer to the following effect:—

> "The ability to distinguish the difference between the mere rhythmical or athletic, and true physical culture exercises, of which, of course, the foreigner may form a part, requires, as all continental nations recognise and as is thoroughly understood by the educationists of the United States, a sound knowledge of first principles. For example, every gymnastic teacher should have—
>
> (*a*) Some knowledge of psychology.
>
> (*b*) Some knowledge of anatomy and physiology
>
> (*c*) Some knowledge of the general theory of education,
>
> so that the exercises may be really efficient, and from every point of view the mechanical, physiological, and psychical, wisely directed."

In view of the fact that increased importance is now being attached throughout the country to systematic and wisely-graduated physical exercises, the above extract should be helpful to teachers of this important part of our school curriculum. Though it has been said many times before, we (*The Schoolmaster*) venture to quote the following opinion from far-away Western Australia:—

> "The want of regular, systematic and scientific physical training has undoubtedly told against our people in the past, and unless steps are taken to place this work on as healthy a footing as exists in the countries quoted above, physical deterioration must be the result."

Sunday Football.

We see that Sunday football has become an institution in the suburbs, and the number of persons playing the game on that day "has reached," according to a contemporary, "such large dimensions that several religious bodies are considering the advisability of starting a crusade against it." Why anybody, however religious, should wish to start a crusade against such a healthy practice we cannot understand. It is not as if football were a pastime which occupied the whole day. We do not know when these games take place, but we should imagine that they start about two or half-past, and finish between four and five. If this is the case, the religious bodies that are to make the crusades have no shadow of excuse for interference. Probably these same bodies are composed of gentlemen who during the week say bitter things about the Deterioration in the Physique of the Nation. Some people do not seem to understand that there are quite a number of Londoners whose only opportunity of getting exercise is on Sunday. Why they should be expected to get it by walking slowly along the streets instead of playing fotball we do not know. It is impossible not to feel the better for a game. A man ought to keep himself as physically fit as his business will allow him; and if fitness can only be obtained by football on Sunday, then he has every right to play it.—*The Globe.*

UNHEALTHY COMPETITION.—At Werder, near Potsdam, a smoking club celebrated its inauguration the other day by a contest in which intending members were to show their prowess. Fifteen candidates for election, armed with their huge German pipes, which hold about half an ounce of tobacco, assembled in a corner of their favourite local cafe, and on the word "Go!" by the referee commenced their labours. The room was quickly filled with a dense cloud, through which the forms of the competitors were barely visible. The first prize was awarded to a candidate who established a long lead by getting through his first pipe in 18 minutes, while the second took 22 minutes, and the third half an hour. Some of the others who "also ran" were seen, after a time, to be staggering to the door with white faces. These were duly "scratched," as unworthy members of a smoking club, amid the pitying glances from their more seasoned compeers.

Questions and Answers

— AND —

Hints from Sandow.

ALTHOUGH I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, you must remember that space is limited, and I *cannot* prescribe courses here.

All communications relating to instruction by post should be addressed to me at Basing House, Basinghall Street, E.C., and these will receive prompt attention.

Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post.

F. S. D. (London) reports wonderful progress following a serious illness two years ago. Wants to know what I think of his progress.

Answer: You appear to have recovered wonderfully, and, judging from the photos, have soon succeeded in bringing up your development to its proper condition. Should be glad to hear from you again.

COLD-CATCHER (London) says: "Why is it I am always catching cold? Other people do, too. Will Physical Culture make me less liable to cold-catching?"

Answer: When our bodies are in a disordered condition changes of temperature cause us to have what we call colds. This means that the body is so clogged with waste material, that is, material it cannot use, that its action is enfeebled; full action of all the bodily functions is warmth, and when the action is feeble we cannot endure cold; the stillest stream of water freezes the quickest. If we enfeeble the action of our bodies by choking all its avenues with more food than it can use, or the kind of food it cannot use, or if we enfeeble the body by putting into it enflaming substances like spices, meat, and liquid stimulants, or if we allow it to become weak by overaction, exhausting it, as we do in excessive work or play, we shall take cold easily, and suffer more or less severely as the abuse is small or great. Disease cannot enter our bodies except there is something of kin there it has no affinity for. A perfectly healthy body will never catch any disease, for it is a non-conductor of disease. It is a conductor of health only. Physical Culture will enable your body to resist congestion and disease.

ANXIOUS (Manchester) is worried over several matters concerning his development.

Answer: Considering the rate at which you are growing—five inches in three years—and the fact that you are still young, prevents you from putting on so much flesh as some, but you are building up muscle, and should in no way be discouraged, for you have plenty of time to improve. You have left out one or two important items in your particulars, notably weight, waist and chest expanded, but from the figures you give you are not so much below the average. Try a lighter dumb-bell, use more concentration on your movements, and do not overtire yourself.

T. S. (Nottingham) sends an interesting letter.

Answer: (1) Thanks for letter and photo, which I hope to reproduce at some future date. Glad to know my lecture had such good results. Continue to persevere and get others to follow your example. (2) They are not published in post-card sizes, but some others are obtainable. Your stationer should be able to get them.

MUSCLE.

A Natural Method of Curing Illness without the Employment of Medicine or Drugs.

. . THE .

Sandow Treatment

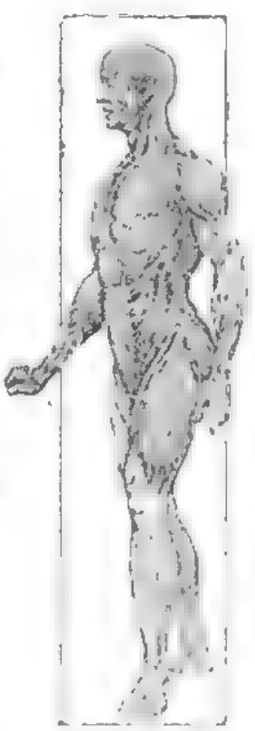
And its Beneficial Effects on the Muscular & Nervous System.

In reality, muscle plays a very important part in the health of the body and upon the condition of the muscular tissue surrounding the various organs depends whether a person is healthy or ill.

It must be remembered that the great organs of digestion and evacuation are all enveloped in and operated by muscle.

Nervous ailments are notoriously difficult to cure. Yet in all cases of nervous disorders the Sandow Treatment has proved itself an absolute remedy. Why is this?

Simply because the treatment is based on a thorough understanding of this most delicate portion of the body, and only natural means are employed in restoring it to health.



NERVES.

Every nerve ends in muscle, and unless the nerve itself and the muscle are washed by rich, healthy blood, disease ensues.

Nervous Breakdowns.—Whenever a breakdown takes place there will be pain and discomfort. In order to cure, the exact area where the nerve is must be discovered; then, by skilfully directed movements, a regular supply of pure blood must be caused to travel to the spot. This is precisely why the Sandow Treatment is so successful. No medicine or drugs are employed, and instead of pampering the diseased nerve, it is toned up to a sound, healthy condition.

Thousands of sufferers from such ailments as **indigestion, constipation, insomnia, loss of vigour, and various nervous and functional disorders** have already found relief and cure from a course of the Sandow Treatment.

INVITATION TO INVESTIGATE.—If you are a sufferer from any of these illnesses you, too, can be cured quickly and permanently. The treatment entails no inconvenience, and is endorsed by leading medical men.

Those who are the victims of any of these ailments will be interested in Sandow's Book on "Curative Physical Culture," which describes the treatment fully, and a copy of which will be sent free to all applicants describing their ailments, so that a thorough investigation of the methods and results is made before it is undertaken. Write at once for a copy to EUGEN SANDOW, Dept. S., **17, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.**

ONE MEAL A DAY.

By Dr. F. L. OSWALD.

THE one meal a day plan was successfully practised by some eighty million men of the healthiest, wealthiest, and most intelligent nations of antiquity for nearly a thousand years. Its advantages were forgotten during the millennium of mediæval unnaturalism.

No unprejudiced observer can deny that for the vast plurality of our fellow men there is no other practicable way to live up to the principle of the salutary maxim: Never to eat till we have leisure to digest.

Nine out of ten labourers have to hurry from the breakfast table to their daily work, and cannot count upon more than a few minutes of afternoon's meal rest. Employers expect their hired men to go back to work about fifteen minutes after dinner. Not a minute more than one hour is allowed for the mid-day recess. Ten to twenty minutes of that time are wasted with preliminaries. A weary walk from the fields to the farmhouse, washing, brushing, waiting for the arrival of belated boarders. Delays also occur between the appearance of the sundry dishes, and a quarter of an hour after rising from table—*i.e.*, just about the time when the work of digestion is about to begin—Farmer Goodman summons all hands for the return march to the sun-blistered fields, and for the next five or six hours the functions of the digestive organs are handicapped by toil almost monopolising the organic vigour of the toiler.

The same in rolling mills, shipyards, railway yards, workshops, and schoolrooms. In many city schools the afternoon martrydom of the yougsters is mitigated only by the fact that the teachers themselves almost succumb to the lethargic influence of an ill-timed dinner.

Less than a year's time would suffice to give the one meal habit the force of a second nature, and those who would like to form an idea of its universal observance during the classic period of antiquity should read Peter Bayle's dissertation on "Domestic Life in Athens and Rome," or De Quincey's humorous essay, published in the second volume of miscellanies, under the title, "Dinner, Real and Reputed." Breakfast at the time of the elder Pliny, the essayist (in all the most accomplished Latin scholar of the nineteenth century) informs us, consisted of a biscuit and a fig, and the noonday luncheon often of a biscuit alone—a mouthful of dry bread, munched to obviate the possible deleterious effects of drinking water upon an empty stomach.

The noon recess, under those circumstances, could be limited to half an hour, and about four p.m. farmers, mechanics, and merchants, as well as brain workers, contrived to get their day's work done, took a bath, and in the cool of the evening sat down to a meal so mathematically square that it lasted them easily for the next sixteen hours, when the aforesaid biscuit and fig sufficed to "stay" the stomach. What? Go to bed with a three-meal load of undigested food?

It could do no great harm. Sleep is less unpropitious to digestion than hard work. But the ancients, though they "reclined" upon their symposium cushions, did not eat upon their beds, ready to collapse in the torpor of a boa constrictor slumber. They ate at leisure, passed an hour or two with table talk, then adjourned to the portico to enjoy a musical soiree or watch the gambols of their household pets.

The cool evening air favoured the progress of assimilation, and after seven hours of sleep in an airy dormitory (often *alfresco*, upon the flat roofs of their houses) they could rise far more refreshed than the modern day labourer, whose organism has to wrestle with a

mass of vitiated ingesta in a sweltering tenement trap.

For, under present arrangements, dinner often proves a curse rather than a blessing. The marvellous self-regulating faculty of the organism, it is true, may for a little while maintain the normal temperature of the system under great difficulties. The blood of the arctic explorer is a hundred degrees warmer, and that of the desert traveller about thirty degrees cooler, than the surrounding atmosphere. But that vital resisting power would succumb to the combined effects of Arctic Blizzards and cold shower baths, and it often does succumb to the combined influence of mid-summer heat, hard work, superfluous dry foods and greasy made dishes.

The only wonder, indeed, is the fact that sunstrokes are not far more frequent, but that total collapse of the organic staying powers is the only consummation of a state of distress that announces itself by scores of premonitory symptoms, beginning with langour and dull headaches. Confronted with the risk of losing his job and the bread of his children, the poor drudger bears up under his misery the best he can. He cannot, however, prevent the mischievous effects of interference with the normal process of organic chemistry. The mass of undigested food undergoes an organic decomposition; in other words, begins to ferment, to acidulate, and becomes unfit for the alimentary needs of the system. Supper then adds its burdens, and the melange has to be digested in a bedroom, which the night air superstition may have turned into a "Black Hole of Calcutta."

Dyspepsia assumes the form of a chronic torment. Its victims clutch at the straws of the nostrum vendor only to provoke more emphatic protests of their outraged organism.

The one meal plan would obviate all that misery, and would lessen the temptation to over-eating by giving the late diner the benefit of that feeling of repletion which announces itself only after a quarter of an hour's time from the beginning of a feast, but which, after a twenty-four hours' fast, would draw the line at a quantum of food just about sufficient for the actual needs of the organism.

Besides, persons once accustomed to evening dinners can attend to their day's work with physical and mental energies unimpaired by gastric distress, and the noon gorger's penalty of almost unconquerable drowsiness.

Their morning vigour aids them long enough to do a first-class day's work in eight hours. There would be time for play, for reading, for the enjoyment of art and entertaining conversation.

Sunstrokes would be known only from the traditions of insanitary barbarism. The farmer's youngsters would get afternoon sports enough to think life on a farm decidedly worth living. No after-dinner martrydom would tempt truants, and housekeeping drudgery would be lessened two-thirds.

A BABY 17 OZ.—The mite of a child named Ann Elizabeth Westwood, born at Cradley Heath, Staffs., a few weeks ago, weighed 17 oz. She now weighs nearly 3 lbs. and is described as a human doll. The mother is said to have been offered large sums of money by Messrs. Barnum, Bailey, and other showmen to have the custody of the child for exhibition purposes, but she has declined them all.

"LAUGH AND GROW FAT" is a proverb that is worthy of being made a part of one's creeds for daily living. Proverbs are merely epitomes of human experience, and that particular saying commends itself to the observant mind. A laugh is complex in its workings, but direct in its result. It has a physical movement, causing the arteries to dilate and the flow of blood to hasten, thus promoting an increase of vital processes and mental action through stimulating the blood-vessels of the brain. A nervous invalid was induced to try a "laughter treatment" a year ago. She read all the funny books she could find, laboriously conned even the comic weeklies, and when she could find nothing else to laugh at laughed at herself for the effort. Everyone knows how inevitably a forced laugh if continued will merge into a genuine burst of hilarity, and the invalid found herself shrieking with laughter over the absurdity of it. In a month she began to feel stronger, and in less than a year wholly recovered.

Our different ideas are steppingstones; how we get from one to another we do not know; something carries us. We (our conscious selves) do not take the step. The creative and informing spirit, which is *within* us and not *of* us, is recognised everywhere in real life.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Digitized by Google

OUR READERS' LIBRARY.

	POST FREE. s.	d.
SCIENTIFIC BOXING. By James J. Corbett. With fifty full page illustrations ...	0	7½
SCIENTIFIC BAG-PUNCHING. By Champion Harry Seeback. With thirty-two full page illustrations	0	7½
PHYSICAL CULTURE.—By Prof. Edward Ittmann. With twenty full page illustrations	0	7
OFFICIAL BASE-BALL GUIDE. John J. McGraw. With thirty full page illustrations ...	0	7½
JIU-JITSU: THE JAPANESE SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. By M. Ohashi. With thirty-five full page illustrations ...	0	7½
JIU-JITSU TRICKS. By K. Saito. With fifty-two full page illustrations ...	1	1½
PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR WOMEN. By Belle Gordon. With thirty-two illustrations	0	7½
ARMY EXERCISES. By Frank Idone. With twenty-four illustrations	0	7
SCIENTIFIC WRESTLING. By G. Bothner (Champion Light-weight of the World). With seventy-three full page illustrations	1	2½
BOXING: AND HOW TO TRAIN (Just Published). With sixty-three full page illustrations. The most complete book ever issued on Boxing	1	1½
CLUB SWINGING. By Gus Hill and Tom Burrows (World's Champions). With thirty-four illustrations	0	7½
DUMB-BELL EXERCISES. With thirty full page illustrations	0	7
THE OFFICIAL BOOK OF RULES FOR ALL SPORTS. With nineteen full page illustrations	0	7½
SWIMMING. Illustrated. By Montague A Holbein	1	2½
CRICKET. By C. B. Fry and other eminent cricketers	1	2½
TRAINING FOR ATHLETICS AND GENERAL HEALTH. By Harry Andrews	1	2½
ANGLING IN RIVERS, LAKES & SEA. Illustrated. By W. M. Gallichan	1	2½
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. By J. L. Jones, Captain of Tottenham Hotspur ...	1	2½
RUGBY FOOTBALL. By Jerome J. Rahilly ...	1	2½
MODERN PHYSICAL CULTURE. Illustrated. By C. Lang Neil	1	2
BOXING. Illustrated. By A J. Newton ...	1	2½
DUMB-BELLS, CLUBS AND BAR-BELLS. With 150 illustrations. By A. G Lammas, Sergt.-Instructor, Army Gymnastic Staff	1	2½
WALKING. Illustrated. By C Lang Neil	1	2½
ROWING AND SCULLING. Illustrated. By W. G East, Barge-master to His Majesty King Edward VII.	1	2½

All Orders executed by return of Post.

Address: MANAGER, SANDOW'S MAGAZINE CO.,

131 Temple Chambers,

Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRES.

ADELPHI—At 8.0, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2.

APOLLO—At 8-15, "Mr. Popple." Mat. Sat. at 2-15.

CAMDEN—At 7-45, "Dr. Wake's Patient." Mat. Sat. at 2-30.

CORONET—At 8, "Beauty and the Barge." Mat. Wed. & Sat. at 2-30.

COMEDY.—At 8.30, "The Little Father of the Wilderness," 9, "The Mountain Climber." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-30.

COURT—At 8-15, "Man and Superman." Mat. Wed. at 2-30.

CRITERION—At 8.30, "The White Chrysanthemum." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-30.

DALY'S—At 8.30, "The Little Michus." Mat. Sat. at 2-30.

GAIETY—At 8, "The Spring Chicken." Mat. Sat. at 2.

GARRICK—At 8-0, Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh in "The Merchant of Venice." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-0.

HAYMARKET—At 8-30, "The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-30.

IMPERIAL—At 8-15, "The Temptation of Samuel Burge"; at 8-45, "The Perfect Lover." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.

LYRIC—At 8.15, "The Blue Moon." Mat. Sat. at 2.15.

MARLBOROUGH—At 7-45, "The Freedom of Suzanne." Mat. Thurs. at 2.30.

NEW—At 8.30, "The American Widow"; at 9.0, "Captain Drew on Leave." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 3.

SCALA—At 8-15, "Mrs. Grundy." Mat. Sat. at 2-15.

VAUDEVILLE—At 8-15, "The Catch of the Season." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-15.

WYNDHAM'S—At 8-45, "Public Opinion." Mat. Sat. at 2.30.

WALDORF—At 8.30, "La Main"; 9, "Lights Out." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-30.

VARIETY THEATRES.

ALHAMBRA—At 7-45.

COLISEUM—At 3, 6, and 9

EMPIRE—At 8-15. Mat. Sat. at 2-15.

LONDON HIPPODROME—At 2 and 8 p.m.

OXFORD—At 7.30. Sat. Mat. at 2-20.

PALACE—At 7-45. Mat. Sat. at 2-0.

LONDON PAVILION—At 7-30. Sat. Mat. at 2-15.

TIVOLI—At 7-35. Sat. Mat. at 2-15.

LYCEUM—At 6-30 and 9-0. Mat. Mon. and Sat. at 2-30.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL—At 3 and 8.

HENGLER'S ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS.—At 3 and 8.

Digitized by Google

OUR

READERS' LIBRARY.

EXERCISES for the HAND and ARM.

FOR PIANISTS.
FOR THE CURE OF WRITER'S CRAMP.
FOR PARALYSIS AND NERVOUS DISEASES OF THE HAND AND MUSCLES OF THE FOREARM.

Post Free, 1/2.

Sandow's Strength: And how to obtain it.

THIRD EDITION.

	s.	d.
With Anatomical Chart showing the Exercises for Physical Development of Men, Women and Children. Mr. SANDOW has thoroughly *Revised* and brought up to date the present editions and has also added much additional matter, including chapters on "Physical Culture for Women" and "Physical Culture for the Middle Aged" ... ... Post Free...	2	9
The Anatomical Chart can be obtained separately from the book 1/1 or mounted on linen ... ... Post Free...	1	7

BOXING: The modern system of Glove Fighting.

By Captain EDGWORTH JOHNSTONE ... ... Post Free... 2 9

BODY BUILDING. (Just Published) Post Free... 1 3

HINTS FROM SANDOW.

(Revised Edition). By the Rev. R. L. BELLAMY ... ... Post Free... 1 2

"A book which points out in a most interesting way that health and strength of body go hand in hand with health and vigour of mind."—*Manchester Courier.*

THE ART OF BREATHING.

By SURGEON-CAPTAIN HOPER-DIXON, A.M.S. ... ... Post Free... 1 1

DEVELOPER. 12/6 each. One will serve a whole family.

GRIP DUMB-BELLS.

Children's ...	5/- per pair.	Youths' ...	10/6 per pair.
Boys' and Girls'	7/6 ,,	Ladies' ...	10/6 ,,
	Men's ...	12/6 per pair.	

Embrocation. 1/4½ per Bottle, Post Free.

Plasmon Cocoa. Per Tin, 9d., 1/4, 2/6.

Symmetrion. For Ladies, 12/6

Plasmon Chocolate. Per lb., 3/-, 5/-.

All Orders executed by return of Post.

ADDRESS: MANAGER, SANDOW'S MAGAZINE CO.,

131 TEMPLE CHAMBERS, TEMPLE AVENUE,

LONDON, E.C.

Digitized by Google

"The Most Perfect Form of Cocoa."
Guy's Hospital Gazette.

Fry's Cocoa

..PURE..
CONCENTRATED

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA—
"The Richest in flesh-forming and energy-producing constituents. There is no better food."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE. *Estab. 1728.*

LOOK OUT FOR

Next Year's New Volume.

FRESH FEATURES. POPULAR WRITERS
UP-TO-DATE ARTICLES ON PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Each succeeding Volume is better than the last.

Forward your . . . Subscription to the MANAGER: 131, Temple Chambers, LONDON, E.C.

One Year, 10/6 ×× Half Year, 5/6. Post Free.

Printed by THOMAS & BURCHELL, LTD., High Street, Poplar, and Published by the Proprietors, at 131 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google